HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXII.—No. 1119.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1878. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1878, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE DEMOCRATIC CAMEL.

First the Camel was allowed to intrude his head, then his neck; now—will he be able to force his body *in*, and the occupant OUT?

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR POSTAGE FREE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1878.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a series of interesting sketches of Buffalo and its environs, and other attractive features.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE QUESTION BEFORE THE COUNTRY.

TWO things have been made perfectly evident since the passage of the POTTER resolution. One is that the action of the House is the beginning of an attack upon the title of the President, and the other that the attack becomes necessarily the immediate and paramount question. This is inevitable, for the movement is one of revolution. It can settle nothing, but it can unsettle every thing. It is fatal to every industrial interest, and to the tranquillity and prosperity of the country, and offers nothing whatever but prolonged excitement and agitation and possible civil commotion. Mr. POTTER said that he meant no attack upon the Presidential title, but a resolution to that effect was voted down in the Democratic caucus, and the whole proceeding is a challenge to the country. The Democratic House has raised an issue that for the time supersedes every other. The question of attempting the removal of the President is made the issue of the Congressional elections as much as that of war or peace would be raised in England by a dissolution of Parliament. The Democratic House having almost unanimously committed itself to beginning a proceeding which is ridiculous if not revolutionary, it is evident that a Democratic success in the elections would be interpreted as a popular ratification of the movement, and the consequence is evident. It is not of the slightest importance what personal interest may be paramount in the matter, and it is amusing to see the morbid eagerness with which Mr. TILDEN'S hand is supposed to be revealed by the course of events. Undoubtedly the movement has his approval, if it is not the result of his instigation. But it transcends all personal considerations. It involves the peaceful acquiescence of the country in a constitutional settlement of a disputed Presidential election, and it is therefore a question not for passionate partisan appeal, but for patriotic union.

The facts can not be too constantly recited and remembered. The dispute that followed the election of 1876 was irremediable except by a common understanding between the two parties. This seemed to be hopeless, so inflamed was party fury, until, to the joy and relief of the country, the settlement of the question was left to the Electoral Commission. That body did not assume to settle the right and wrong of the election, but deciding upon general principles what, acting with all the powers of Congress, it had a right to do, it awarded the Presidency to Mr. HAYES. Congress accepted its decision, and Mr. HAYES, with the assent of Congress, was constitutionally inaugurated. He is thus as much the constitutional President as any of his predecessors, and he can be removed only in the way that the Constitution authorizes. No proceedings of a subsequent Congress, except in the form of impeachment, could constitutionally invalidate his title. But an investigation aiming to show frauds that vitiated the election could have no other effect, if successful, than to throw doubt upon the title. If that were the sole object sought, the result would be a public excitement and disturbance for no purpose whatever. If that were not the object, the only other possible intention would be Congressional refusal to recognize a President whose title was declared by it to be invalid, and that would be naked revolution. This is the ultimate significance of the action taken by the House, and nothing is plainer than that it involves the possibility of immense mischief. The universal feeling of good citizens every where is that the question of the election of 1876 was happily settled by a common agreement, and that Congress should now take care that such a dispute shall not again arise. Instead of doing this plain duty, the House proposes to re-open that dispute, and does nothing whatever to prevent its recurrence hereafter.

It is evident, we say, that the results may be exceedingly grave. The power of party spirit is shown in the virtual unanimity of the Democratic majority, and in the refusal to allay public apprehension by the passage of a resolution declaring that the title should not be questioned. Yet even if such a resolution were passed, the spirit which unites the party in authorizing the investigation would push it to the next logical step. The appeal of the situation, therefore, is to the patriotic good sense of the country. It is for that to determine whether the question of a Presidential election once constitutionally settled shall be reopened except in the courts of law, and whether the Presidential title is to be assailable by any party majority in Congress that may choose to attack it. It is simply silly to insist that the only object of the present movement is to ascertain whether frauds were committed. There is certainly no need of proving that frauds were committed, if the only purpose be legislation to dispose of the consequences of fraud hereafter. It is evident enough that fraud is possible, and that there is no present method of adjusting the consequent disputes that may arise. To provide this method is the duty of Congress, and not to endeavor to prove frauds which, if they are proved, can now be made "operative" upon the title of the President by action of Congress only by revolution. This is an issue which has been raised by party action, but which must be met by patriotic union. The Presidential dispute of 1876 having been solemnly settled by the common consent of both parties in Congress, and by the ratification of Congress lawfully given, can not now be re-opened by Congress under any pretense, without the most dangerous disturbance of the government and of the public mind, which is fatal to the confidence upon which a return to industrial activity and general prosperity depends. Should the Democrats carry the autumn elections upon this programme of revolution, Congress at its next session would hold that the country had sanctioned revolutionary action, and constitutional liberty in the United States would be exposed to a severer strain than it has yet experienced.

"ALL RIGHT. DE SAUTY."

WHEN the Atlantic cable was first laid, the only message that seemed to be transmissible was: "All right. DE SAUTY." Every morning this consolatory but singularly uninstructive news was posted, until the daily and laughable "all right" ended in the all wrong which for a time closed the experiment. This old joke is revived by a Democratic paper, which, with all the solemnity of DE SAUTY, says of the present Presidential electoral method, "The system is all right as it stands." Perhaps so, but nobody can tell how it does stand. The joint rule of 1865, as was constantly reiterated last year, provided that no vote to which objection was made should be counted without the concurrent vote of the two Houses. The Senate, however, has withdrawn from that rule, and will not now observe it. Has it no right to do this, and is the rule still in force until renounced by both Houses? That is an open question. Perhaps it "is all right as it stands." But how does it stand? Congress last year was of opinion that the matter did not stand safely, and it wisely took action, accordingly, by the creation of the Electoral Commission. That body discharged its duty, and is dissolved. The situation of 1876–77 has returned. The Senate has withdrawn from the joint rule of 1865. The House has not. If a vote is challenged in the convention of the two Houses in 1881, what is to be done? "The system is all right as it stands." But how does it stand? Shall the vote be counted if the House objects and the Senate insists, or *vice versa*? May either body withdraw, and refuse to complete the count? There is no provision whatever upon the subject, and DE SAUTY throws no light upon it by cheerfully announcing that "the system is all right."

If the system be all right, it is right as it now stands in the Constitution. But if that be so, there can be no objection offered to any certificate that the President of the Senate chooses to open. The system which is "all right as it stands" provides for no challenge or question of any kind. The certificates are to be sent to the President of the Senate, and he, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, is to open them, and the votes are then to be counted. That is all the provision. And if this be "all right as it stands," and all-sufficient, not only can neither House question any certificate that the President of the Senate may open, but he can not choose in the matter, and must open all that come to him duly signed and certified. The Constitution gives him no authority to discriminate between two or more such certificates. Common-sense and the necessity of the case may require a choice to be made by somebody, but the Constitution recognizes no such emergency. If "the system is all right as it stands," there is no guarantee against any kind of fraud or irregularity. If it "is all right as it stands," every certified vote must be counted. This is mere imbecility. But if a decision may be made between two certificates from the same State, even the stupidest DE SAUTY can see that the system is not "all right as it stands."

The constitutional provision in this, as in other cases, presupposes legislation. There can be no common understanding without it. In the beginning of the newspaper debate upon the subject, after the election of 1876, Mr. POTTER, the mover of the present investigating resolution, took the ground that as the House, in case of non-election, is to elect the President, it must satisfy itself, independently of the Senate, whether there had been an election. There is not a word in the Constitution implying such a course. It was simply the inference of Mr. POTTER. A hundred other people made a hundred other inferences, and, with all the confidence of DE SAUTY and the vehemence of the paper that we quote, insisted that "the system is all right as it stands." "As it stands," and without legislative or constitutional provision, it is a system of civil war. There is no practical necessity of more pressing importance than that of not leaving it "as it stands," and the omission of Congress to provide a method of settling the obvious questions that must arise in the final count will be a criminal disregard of duty. "The system" that "is all right as it stands" has been seen to be wrong and dangerous from the beginning. This was apparent in the great debate upon the subject at the beginning of the century. The best commentators on the Constitution admit it. Recent debates in Congress concede it, and at the close of WASHINGTON'S second term, when parties for the first time appeared in a Presidential election, FISHER AMES said, in 1796, speaking of the electoral votes, "Perhaps some may be illegal and excluded. What a question this last would be if made when the two Houses convened! How could it be debated or adjusted? *À la Pologne?*......A contested vote for President, when the two Houses meet to count the votes, would realize in an instant our worst forebodings."

OUR NEUTRAL DUTIES.

THE reported purchases of large steamers in the interest of the Russian government have naturally turned attention to our neutral duties—duties of whose prompt and full performance the United States have always been justly proud. There is a mistaken impression that our neutral obligations do not come into play until there is actual war. But Mr. CALEB CUSHING, in a recent interview with a correspondent of the *Herald*, corrected this error. "The obligations of neutrality," he said, "whether regarded in the light of the law of nations or of statute, are of constant force, in time of peace as well as in time of war, so that if the acts of the *Cimbria* involve just imputation of constituting acts of war, she would be just as much subject to animadversion as if there had been a declaration of war between Great Britain and Russia." The rules governing neutral action which are laid down in the Treaty of Washington were declared at the time to be substantially those that had always marked our conduct. England objected to them, but agreed to observe them hereafter. These rules are very stringent. The treaty says:

"A neutral government is bound, *First*, to use due diligence to prevent the fitting out, arming, or equipping, within its jurisdiction, of any vessel which it has reasonable ground to believe is intended to cruise or carry on war against a power with which it is at peace; and also to use like diligence to prevent the departure from its jurisdiction of any vessel intended to cruise or carry on war as above, such vessel having been specially adapted in whole or in part, within such jurisdiction, to warlike use.

"*Secondly*, not to permit or suffer either belligerent to make use of its ports or waters as the base of naval operations against the other, or for the purpose of the renewal or augmentation of military supplies, or arms, or the recruitment of men.

"*Thirdly*, to exercise due diligence in its own ports and waters, and as to all persons within its jurisdiction, to prevent any violation of the foregoing obligations and duties."

These rules substantially re-affirm our Neutrality Laws of 1818, which provide that

"every person who, within the limits of the United States, fits out and arms, or attempts to fit out and arm, or procures to be fitted out and armed, or knowingly is concerned in the furnishing, fitting out, or arming of any vessel, with the intent that such vessel shall be employed in the service of any foreign prince or state, or of any colony, district, or people, to cruise or commit hostilities against the subjects, citizens, or property of any foreign prince or state, or of any colony, district, or people, with whom the United States are at peace, or who issues or delivers a commission, within the territory or jurisdiction of the United States, for any vessel, to the intent that she may be so employed, shall be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanor, and shall be fined not more than ten thousand dollars and imprisoned not more than three years; and every such vessel, with her tackle, apparel, and furniture, together with all materials, arms, ammunition, and stores which may have been procured for the building and equipment thereof, shall be forfeited; one half to the use of the informer, and the other half to the use of the United States."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* attempts to limit the force of the treaty rules by saying that they define the duties of a neutral state, but that a state is not neutral until war actually begins. The Neutrality Law, however, is unmistakable, and it is clear that if the Government has reasonable ground to believe that any ship is being fitted out, armed, or equipped in any port of the country for the purpose of cruising against a power with which we are at peace, it is bound to prevent its escape. The Government, of course, must be the judge of such grounds, subject to future reclamations. The purchase of vessels, however, is not such a ground. During the late Russian and Turkish war, Turkey bought arms in the United States and ships in England without complaint from Russia, and if Russian agents are now buying vessels in this country, it is no violation of our laws. But if a belligerent power may lawfully buy ships and arms within our jurisdiction, and neither the ships nor the arms can be detained separately, it is evident that all that is necessary for the evasion of the law is to get them out separately, and then to put the arms upon the ship on the open sea.

Fortunately there can be no doubt that the neutral duties of the United States, in case of war between Russia and Great Britain, will be most honorably observed, and that the law of 1818 and the rules of the treaty will be carefully and impartially enforced. It is, however, obvious that, considering the enormous extent of our coast and the relations of national and State authority, we have undertaken by the three rules of the treaty a very difficult task, and it is a fair question whether, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* says, the word "neutral" in the treaty has not given Russia, in the present case, a great advantage.

DECORATION-DAY.

IT is unfortunate that a Decoration-day celebration which this year might have had peculiar significance from the attitude of the Administration, should be marred by the intense party movement against the happy Presidential settlement of last year. The President, in pursuance of his view of constitutional duty no less than in obedience to a wise statesmanship, is identified with a policy which promised to do much to close the era of angry sectionalism which necessarily interferes with a normal political condition. The desperate attempts to insist upon courses which are not only unreasonable in themselves, but which have been shown not to be sustained by public opinion, were necessarily spending their force, and the frank and generous words of Southern soldiers in Northern cities and in Congress expressed a sentiment which was significant. It was fairly to be expected that on the day of remembrance, which is this year to be kept with unusual observance, there would be a voice which would show the return of true patriotic feeling.

This just expectation has been frustrated by the POTTER assault upon reviving national good feeling. Yet although the party lash whipped in the whole Democratic vote, with one or two exceptions, it is noticeable that the most intelligent opposition to the attack within the Democratic party came from Mr. STEPHENS, of Georgia, and Mr. MILLS, of Texas. United as the party front appears, it is undoubtedly true that the judgment of many of the Southern Democrats is hostile to the re-opening of the question. This opposition, however, will yield to the party momentum, just as any declaration of limitation of the scope of the movement would yield; and as the strength of the party is in its Southern contingent, the first effect of the movement is to draw sharply the old sectional lines. This is a result which Mr. STEPHENS foresaw and deprecated, and every patriotic citizen will share his feeling. The revolutionary movement in the House, however, it must be remembered, was not begun by the Southern Democrats, but by the Northern Democratic friends of Mr. TILDEN. It is there that the original responsibility lies. The movement was supported, however, by the Southern vote, and Decoration-day, which might have inspired so much kindly sympathy, will now but recall more vividly the old sectional hatreds, and emphasize the fact that the spirit of the Administration is not that of those who have gained much from its wisdom.

That spirit, however, is none the less wise. Before the war a pronounced antislavery man was not safe in a Slave State, and a Republican party organization was not tol-

erated. But it was not therefore held that citizens of the Slave States ought to be treated with the same intolerance when they came among us. The Roman Church scorns religious liberty, and, where it has its own way, maintains ecclesiastical despotism. But it is not therefore argued that in communities where it has not the power, the liberty which the Roman Church denies should be denied to it. The spirit in which the Administration has treated the Southern question is not put in the wrong because Southern Democratic sentiment does not at once respond to it. The wisest English statesmanship in Ireland did not immediately repress crime and produce a prosperous and intelligent and happy people, but it would be very absurd to conclude that therefore it was a foolish and not a wise statesmanship. Administrations are admirable in the degree that in the treatment of great questions they trust great principles, and rely upon moral laws in politics as men confide in natural laws in navigation. The course indicated by the Administration is as sure to secure a good mutual understanding at last as an eastward course from the American coast is sure to bring the ship at last to Europe. The observation taken on this Decoration-day will not be as encouraging as some sanguine souls had anticipated. But the course is none the less wisely taken.

LIES.

The papers that favor revolution will constantly report that the President is terrified, and would gladly make terms. The first volley of such stories was simultaneously disposed of by the fullest and most circumstantial contradiction. The President knows that he is the constitutional Executive, and can be constitutionally disturbed only by impeachment or by process of law. A vote of Congress denying his title would be of no more constitutional effect than a vote of Congress denying the title of the Mayor of New York. Congress, indeed, might refuse to acknowledge him, and might recognize Mr. Tilden or Mr. Henry Clay Dean as President. But that would be mere anarchy. Mr. Hayes has, therefore, no more personal interest in the result than every other loyal and law-respecting citizen. He will make no bargains with hostile Democrats or hostile Republicans. In this contest he does not represent a party. He is the representative of the constitutional continuance of the government. He did nothing before his inauguration, and he has done nothing since, unworthy an honest man and a lawful Chief Magistrate. All stories that he has sought to placate Republicans who are angry with his independence, or Democrats who are mad for the spoils, may be at once branded as false, as the first have been proved to be.

A BUNCOMBE DEBATE.

The project to place General Shields on the retired list was very accurately described by Senator Edmunds. The Democratic party refused to appoint him to one of the offices of the House, although he was a Union soldier and a kind of representative of the Irish interest, and preferred to him a soldier who had fought on the other side. That was its own affair. The party may, of course, distribute such honors as it chooses; but it must not expect the Senate of the United States to help it out of its own blunders. Having, from the party point of view, contemned an Irish soldier, it was necessary to placate the supposed Irish indignation, and therefore the proposition was made to place General Shields on the retired list, with good pay. The object was evident. It was, as Senator Edmunds said, a mere attempt to rectify a party blunder. He had no doubt that General Shields had been a good citizen and a brave soldier, but so had thousands of other people all over the country, every one of whom had the same claim to the charity that was proposed for General Shields.

This was the simple truth, and should have disposed of the matter. However meritorious the services of General Shields, or however destitute his condition, there was no reason for selecting him for relief and leaving scores as equally meritorious and needy unprovided for. But instead of defeating the bill for this conclusive reason, Senator Sargent moved to amend it by adding the name of General Grant, and retiring him on full pay. Then followed a lively Buncombe debate, which concealed all the actual motives and mainsprings. The argument against the Grant amendment was that Shields was poor and old, and had asked for the relief, while Grant was neither old nor poor, and had not asked relief, but had been highly honored at home, and was now feasting with foreign kings and princes. There was a great deal of good feeling expressed for General Grant on all sides. Mr. Blaine warmly supported the amendment upon the ground of Grant's great services, and Mr. Hill made merry over the willingness in certain quarters to retire the general, while his own greatest objection to that gentleman was that he would not retire. Mr. Edmunds and Mr. David Davis called attention to the law which provided for retirement after forty years' service, while General Shields had served but a very few years. Mr. Voorhees renewed the appeal for him on the ground of poverty, and many Senators agreed that they would gladly vote for relief to General Grant should he ever become poor, and notably Mr. Withers, who said, "Should poverty ever come upon him the soldiers who surrendered to him at Appomattox Courthouse, and who were told by him to take their horses home with them to cultivate the crops, would remember those words." Finally Senator Thurman, who called the bill "exceptional," moved to amend by simply making it increase General Shields's pension. This was lost, and the bill was defeated, although it is thought that an increase may yet pass.

The whole affair is as striking an illustration of Buncombe politics as even this Congress has furnished, and the better men in both Houses must acknowledge the reason of the impatient wish expressed on every side that Congress would "git up and git."

A KNAVE TO BE DISCOVERED.

There was a curious illustration of the audacity of dishonesty in a discovery made in the last moment of the recent session of the New York Legislature. One of the most important acts of the session was the passage of the Public Burdens Bill—a law which, among other things, authorized the reduction of "salaries not protected by the Constitution." After the bill had passed both Houses, and had gone to the Executive Chamber for the Governor's consideration, it was found that the words "and by statutes" had been introduced after those that we have just quoted. The effect was to exempt from reduction not only constitutional salaries, but all those, also, which are named by State laws, thus defeating one of the chief purposes of the bill. The knavery was fortunately discovered in time, but the only remedy was the passage of a concurrent resolution asking the Governor to return the bill, then to reconsider the vote by which it had been passed, to strike out the interpolated words, and again to pass the bill. This was promptly done, but of course at the expense of much valuable time.

It is evident that the most monstrous wrong could be done by such interpolations. It is not the first time that they have occurred in the New York Assembly, but it should certainly be the last. From the moment a bill as finally read is passed it should be in the charge of some one responsible person, who should be held strictly answerable in smarting penalties for any trickery of this kind. However loose the present system may be, some one person was probably responsible for the safe custody of the bill, and his name should be published in order that no such important charge should be confided to him hereafter.

HINDOO TROOPS.

The debate in the British Parliament upon the summons of the Sepoy troops from India to Europe is of great significance. In an article in which it acknowledges the splendid audacity of Lord Beaconsfield in breaking through all the traditions that have marked the relations of India and England, the London *Spectator* says: "No such alteration in the position of this country as a fighting power has occurred since she substituted regular regiments for trainbands and feudal retainers; and it is one which imperatively demands the grave consideration of Parliament as the deliberative body of the kingdom, and altogether irrespective of party quarrels." These words show the great scope of the measure, and it is hardly questionable that no distinctively British minister would have ventured upon it. Canning, or Peel, or Palmerston, or Gladstone, would never have proposed to bring the Sepoys into Europe to fight British battles, or to maintain the cause of Christian civilization by arraying Hindoos against Greek Christians. The *Spectator* rightfully considers it to be a very important question for England and the English character.

It may be viewed either as a special policy for this emergency or as a permanent military method. In the first view there is one obvious consideration. The real British ground of war, if it comes, is that the "interests of England" are threatened by the extension of Russia. It is necessary to dam up Russia and prevent the desolating torrent of its barbarism from overflowing India. But if the Hindoos will fight European troops at all, which is the sole reason for bringing them into Europe, they would fight them even more bravely at home in India; and if that be so, the idea of a Russian invasion of India is ridiculous, and its prevention is not a legitimate reason for war. The real evil of the summons to the Sepoys, however, is to be found in the effect upon a tendency of the British nation which is already evident and full of mischief—the disposition to rely upon money to defeat the world in arms. The *Spectator* speaks of its countrymen upon this point with a plainness which is seldom found in any national press dealing with its fellow-citizens: "The deep inner vulgarity of soul, in fact, which is the defect of the Englishman, the foul spot among his splendid qualities, has infected the nation, until it makes matter of pride of its one serious cause for political shame." The English have fought their greatest campaigns with the aid of subsidized allies, and have refused to submit to a universal and thorough military training. They are satisfied to think that British gold can successfully win all their battles. This evil spirit will be gratified by the employment of the Indian soldiery, for which there can not be that personal interest which makes a great battle an incalculable sorrow to hundreds and thousands of homes, and which is the defense of a country against wanton wars.

The use of a horde of mercenaries has other dangers, which the *Spectator* plainly points out. Why take the trouble to govern a dependency well, when Hindoo troops can keep it in order, and no Englishman be missed? Recourse to a power so vast and irresponsible involves political and moral deterioration. It is the destruction of self-reliance, of self-sacrifice, and the overthrow of all restraints against schemes of extension and aggrandizement. In Parliament the debate clung closely to the constitutional argument. This was natural, for Lord Beaconsfield's tendency is to strengthen the monarchical element in the British system—a tendency which sooner or later is sure to be resisted.

PERSONAL.

The Duke of Cleveland, who married the mother of Lord Rosebery, is a nobleman of the bluest blood, and looks upon the money kings with indifference. When Lord Rosebery's engagement with Miss De Rothschild was announced, some one in conversation with the duke congratulated him upon the approaching nuptials. "Well," replied the old patrician, "I have never seen her, but I am told she is pretty and accomplished, and I understand that her family are wealthy!"

—Commodore John Hodges Graham, of the United States navy, who died a short time since at Newburgh, bequeathed about $150,000 to various charitable societies connected with the Protestant Episcopal Church, and $150,000 to his widow. Among the bequests it is pleasant to see such charities as St. Luke's Home for Indigent Christian Females, the Society for the Relief of Widows and Children of P. E. Clergymen in New York, and the Society for Relieving Aged and Infirm Clergymen named for $5000 each.

—On Easter-Sunday, at the parish church of Christow, the lessons were read by Viscount Exmouth. The practice is not uncommon in England. Mr. Gladstone frequently reads the lessons at his parish church on Sundays, and on important occasions it is quite customary to have the lessons read by persons who are prominent in public life. At the ceremonial of opening Keble Hall and Library at Oxford, the lessons in the morning service were read by Earl Beauchamp, and Mr. Gathorne Hardy, one of the cabinet.

—M. Faure, the opera-singer, sold his pictures a few days ago for over $40,000. Corot's "Italienne" went for 8000 francs, his "Gaulois" for 13,000 francs; Diaz's "Braconnier," 14,600 francs; and Manet's very modern picture, "Le Bon Boc," 10,000 francs.

—The Columbia crew, who sailed for Europe May 23, took with them a paper boat built by Waters, and a cedar shell built by Tom Fearron, which is said to be without exception the best specimen of this class of boat yet produced. It is 41 feet long, 19⅛ inches wide, and 7¾ deep; it weighs 98 pounds, is furnished with patent rowlocks, double the usual number of ribs, braced on top of the keel, and is supplied with a double or extra gunwale.

—Dr. George Smith, editor of the Edinburgh *Daily Review*, in the course of a long and favorable notice of Dr. Henry M. Field's recent book on Egypt and Japan, pays a high compliment to one branch of American literature. He says: "Americans are fast creating a literature of travel which promises to be superior to that of other countries. Being the newest of peoples, they travel more than all others in the old world of Europe and the older of Asia. This experience, the sense of magnitude and variety given them by their own land, the contrast of the old with the new, and the sympathy born of filial regard for the lands and histories of their fathers, go far to make them the best writers of narratives of travel."

—Mr. John S. Wise, son of the late Henry A. Wise, bought at auction last week, at Charlottesville, Virginia, for William and Mary College, the Shadwell Farm, the birth-place of Thomas Jefferson. It contains 300 acres, and brought $14 an acre.

—A very touching and pathetic poem called "Somebody's Mother" appeared in *Harper's Weekly* for the 2d of March last. It was written for this journal by Mary D. Brine, whose contributions frequently adorn our columns. It was immediately copied by many of our exchanges, in some instances without credit to the source whence it was borrowed. This omission may, however, have been simple oversight; but when we find this same poem going the rounds again under the signature of "Bessie Blessing," we fear some one has been so naughty as to commit a downright literary theft, which we feel called upon to expose at once. No blessing can follow such naughtiness, Miss Bessie!

—There died at St. Petersburg, on the 4th of May, at the age of ninety-two, Count Basilewski, the richest man in Russia. His income was about $4,000,000 per annum. Much of his life was passed in Paris, where he built the beautiful Hôtel Basilewski, now the property of the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain. He was the father of the Princess Souvaroff, the lady who, during a recent visit to this country, courageously and successfully resisted an anonymous attempt to "black-mail" her by threats of making scurrilous publications about her.

—We take the following paragraph from a recent number of the Philadelphia *Press*: "The Rev. R. W. Dale's admirable papers, appearing in the *Nineteenth Century*, under the title 'Impressions of America,' are now known by every scholar. In the third and latest, speaking of the schools and school system of our country, this close-observing Manchester clergyman says: 'I have said that the Philadelphia system has no superintendent. This statement ought, perhaps, to be qualified. Some of the duties properly belonging to a superintendent are performed by the secretary to the board, Mr. Halliwell. Mr. Halliwell is one of the most energetic men I have ever seen in any part of the world. His strength, which must be severely tasked, is inexhaustible; his courtesy, it is pleasant to me to add, is equal to his vigor. To him and to the chairman of the board, Mr. James Long, I am under great obligations. No trouble seemed too great for them to take in order to enable a stranger to carry away a just impression of their schools.' Just now, when it is so common to censure all civic officials indiscriminately, and when superficial and ignorant persons think they are showing superior intelligence by doing so, it gives us great pleasure to reproduce this strong and unsolicited testimony from one of the most thoughtful and sagacious of recent writers, published in one of the very highest reviews in the English language. It is likely that neither Mr. Long nor Mr. Halliwell has seen this late number, just out, and it is pleasant for us to think that they will find out first in a Philadelphia journal that they have been entertaining an angel unawares."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: The Democrats of the House, May 17, secured a quorum, and passed the Potter resolution for the investigation of alleged frauds in the last Presidential election in Florida and Louisiana. The Republicans did not vote. President Hayes sent a brief message to the Senate, accompanied by a long letter from Secretary Evarts, in relation to the Halifax Fishery Award. The President recommends that the appropriation be made, "with such direction to the Executive in regard to its payment as in the wisdom of Congress the public interests may seem to require."—On the 20th, the Senate, in Committee of the Whole, took up the bill to place General Shields on the retired army list, and an amendment was adopted adding the name of General Grant, with the rank of General of the Army, with full pay and allowance. The next day the amended bill was defeated by a vote of 30 to 34. The Senate Judiciary Committee reported adversely on the bill permitting women to practice in the Supreme Court. The House committee to investigate the alleged election frauds was announced on the 20th; it consists of seven Democrats and four Republicans. A bill was introduced in the House asking for an appropriation of $189,000,000 for internal improvements, mainly for old Southern canals. The government is asked to issue a fifty-year five per cent. bond as a special loan for this purpose.—In the Senate, on the 21st, the House bill to forbid the further retirement of legal tender notes was reported favorably by the Finance Committee.—On the 22d, in the House, Mr. Harrison, of Illinois, offered resolutions to extend the investigation of alleged frauds in the late Presidential election to the States of South Carolina and Oregon, and not to disturb the President's title. The House, by 71 yeas and 50 nays, decided that a question of privilege was involved, but as less than a quorum voted, the resolutions were withdrawn. Subsequently a resolution was adopted authorizing the select committee to investigate electoral frauds in any State where there is probable cause to believe that such frauds were practiced. The Senate confirmed the nomination of S. B. Packard, of Louisiana, to be United States consul at Liverpool.—The House, on the 23d, in Committee of the Whole, voted not to reduce the army.

The Indiana National Greenback Labor Party met at Indianapolis, May 22, nominated a State ticket, and reaffirmed the Toledo platform of February 22.—The Vermont Republicans, May 23, nominated Colonel Redfield Proctor for Governor, E. P. Colton for Lieutenant-Governor, and John A. Page for State Treasurer.—The Pennsylvania Democrats, the same day, nominated for Governor A. H. Dill; Lieutenant-Governor, John Fertig.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern Question: Hopes of peace are again renewed. Count Schouvaloff returned to London May 22, *via* Berlin. Speaking of the results of his mission, the London *Post* says, in semi-official form: "Count Schouvaloff brings the assurance that the disposition in St. Petersburg for peace quite equals that in London. He is also the bearer of certain expressions of willingness to meet our views, and of a general scheme of arrangement for a reconciliation. Russia, however, declines to pass the sponge over the Treaty of San Stefano, but is prepared to discuss in a Congress its various stipulations. The count brings assurances that General Todleben has been forbidden to make any attempt to surprise Constantinople, and also that the Russian government is not connected with the manifesto recently issued by a committee for equipping cruisers."—A revolt took place in Constantinople on the 20th, which is generally regarded as an attempt to dethrone the Sultan and restore Murad. The Turkish official account belittles the movement.—The movement of the Indian troops was discussed in both Houses of Parliament May 20 and 21. In the course of the debate Lord Beaconsfield reiterated the declaration that the ministry was actuated solely by the wish and hope to secure the blessings of peace, and maintain the freedom of Europe and the just position of England.

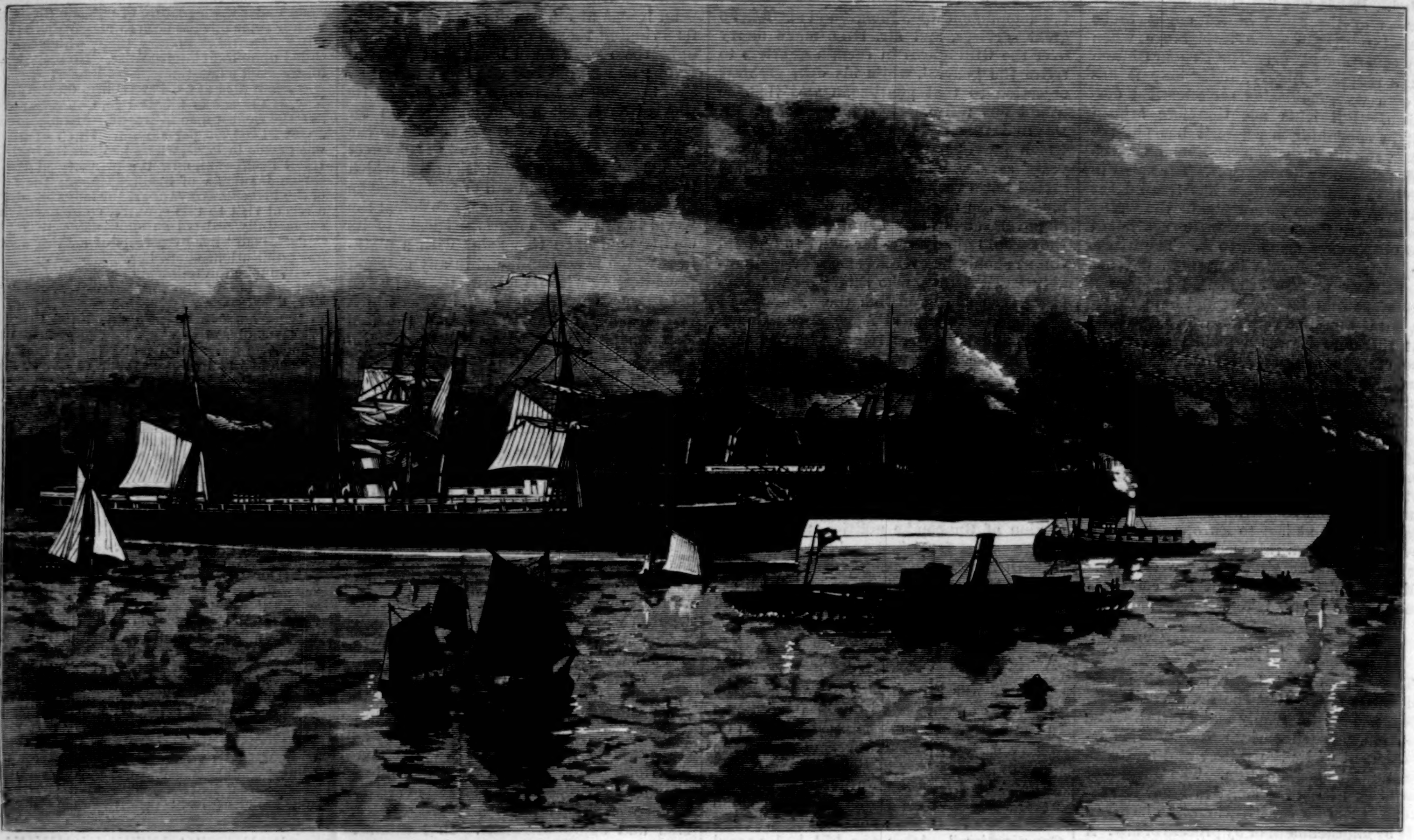
A measure has been submitted by the Prussian government to the Federal Council against socialistic agitation. It authorizes the Council to prohibit or suppress associations and prints intended to promote social democratic objects.

During a performance in the theatre at Ahmednuggur, East India, recently, the building caught fire, and forty persons were burned to death.

Steamer advices from Venezuela state that the earthquake of April 14 entirely destroyed the town of Cua and all the surrounding farms.

An explosion of gas in the new wing of the old Sidney Mines, in Nova Scotia, May 21, killed the overseer and six of the workmen.

The Canadian pleasure-steamer *Empress of India* capsized over a dam on the Grand River, at Galt, Ontario, on the night of May 22. The entire company of eighteen persons on board were drowned.



RUSSIAN CRUISERS—THE "COLUMBUS" AND "STATE OF CALIFORNIA."—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 450.]

THE RUSH FOR EUROPE.

There is always a grand American exodus to Europe as soon as summer has made ocean travel as safe and pleasant as life aboard ship can ever be; but this year the attractions of the great International Exhibition in Paris have swelled the number of pleasure-seekers by thousands. Every steamer that leaves our ports goes crowded to its utmost capacity, and those who have delayed procuring passage may have to wait several weeks before being able to secure a desirable state-room. The number of lines gives the passenger the choice between several routes. He may go direct to Havre, or he may land at Queenstown, and spend a few weeks among the beautiful lakes and mountains of the Green Isle. Or he may go by way of Glasgow, and take in the romantic and picturesque Highlands, and then journey leisurely southward through England on his way to France.

Paris itself is already overcrowded with strangers from all parts of the world, and, just as happened in Vienna when the World's Fair was held in that city, prices of every thing have enormously increased. Rents have been advanced nearly a hundred per cent., and the same is true of the price of all the means of living. From being one of the cheapest cities in the world, to those who were acquainted with the best ways of getting along there, it has become for the time one of the most expensive, so that people whose purse is slender will be compelled to make their sojourn in the Paris capital much briefer than they would like, and those who go there with calculations based on the prices of other years will find themselves sadly mistaken.

But one may see a great deal in a little time by going about it in a thoroughly systematic way, and so arranging the routine of each day that no retracing of steps will be necessary to complete the inspection. If one is in great haste, the best way is to take a guide, and follow him like a slave; but if one has several days at command, he can not do better than procure a good guide-book, study it diligently for an evening, and map out his own course, selecting what among things interesting to sight-seers he cares for most.

The improvements of the past few years in ocean-going steamers have robbed the passage of most of its disagreeable features, even for those who are inclined to seasickness. The luxury of the saloons, the comfort of the state-rooms, the variety and excellence of the table, and the almost perfect sense of safety make the voyage as enjoyable as a week in a fashionable hotel.

THE RUSH FOR EUROPE—A BELATED PASSENGER.—[Drawn by Thomas Worth.]

DECORATION-DAY.—[DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.]

BETWEEN THE GRAVES.

MAY 30.

WHERE blood once quenched the camp-fire's brand,
On every sod throughout the land
The silver showers slip softly down,
On every sod some growing stem
Holds up to heaven its shining crown.

And underneath her bending blue,
With leaf and sunshine, stars and dew,
Sweet Nature gilds the grave-side gloom,
Nor asks what passions stirred the dust
Through which her pulses spring to bloom.

While from the gardens of the South,
Like blessings blown from some warm mouth,
The wooing wind steals all day long—
Steals lingeringly from grave to grave,
With breath of blossom, breath of song.

A common flag, breeze, showers, and flowers,
Are weaving, all these sunny hours,
Where broken hearts and hopes are hid,
And the great mother on each bed
Lays it, a fragrant coverlid.

You who with garlands go about,
As the tree-tilting bird pours out
O'er either mound his singing bliss,
Oh, kind as birds and breezes, leave
A flower on that grave and on this!

For lo! the eternal truce of death
Was called upon the passing breath,
And all the phantom hates, that shed
Their shadows round us as they stalked,
Have no remembrance with the dead!

THE LITTLE TRAVELLER.

Straight down the city's crowded street
 A little Traveller went;
The eager throng, with hurrying feet,
 On gain or pleasure bent,
Made free for him a narrow way,
But none among them bid him stay.

Only a child, yet for his sake
 Wealth, thoughtful, stepped aside,
Power waived a while its right of place,
 And Rank forgot its pride,
While many a head a moment bent
As on the little Traveller went.

A Stranger from some far-off land
 Spoke then in doubtful tone:
"'Tis said your race bow not to kings,
 But unto Worth alone.
Who, then, is this, to whom all pay
Such homage in the crowded way?"

"A Traveller, more noble far
 Than kings of noblest age;
Purer than any praying priest,
 Wiser than any sage.
He rests in yonder holy place:
Come, then, and look upon his face."

The tender lights fell soft and dim;
 The air was thrilled with psalms;
He lay in coffin white and small,
 With lilies in his palms—
Serenely peaceful, as those sleep
Who have no longer watch to keep.

O happy Traveller! thus to win,
 While yet unsoiled by tears,
The Home that we shall hardly find
 Through weeping, weary years,
Whose small, unsandaled feet may stray
On heights for which we vainly pray!

RUSSIAN CRUISERS.

On page 448 our readers will find pictures of the steamers *Columbus* and the *State of California*, said to have been purchased by agents of the Russian government. The *Columbus* was built in Philadelphia in 1873, under the specifications and inspection of the American, German, French, and British Lloyds'. She is an iron screw-steamer, with a displacement of 2450 tons dead-weight, or draught of sixteen feet, and a capacity of 1850 tons cargo. Her length over all is 285 feet; breadth of beam, 35 feet; and depth of hold, 23 feet. She is built in five water-tight compartments, and has two decks, with the passenger accommodation on the main-deck. The internal fittings of the cabins and saloons are of hard woods, highly polished, including black-walnut, Spanish cedar, and satin-wood, ornamented with gilt tracery. The furniture is also of black-walnut, upholstered in crimson plush. The after-end of the saloon is circular, lighted by two sky-lights, and the forward end is furnished with two large folding-doors and a magnificent French mirror. The state-rooms are arranged on each side of the main saloon, are large, well ventilated, and elegantly furnished, and specially constructed with a view to the comfort of passengers in a tropical climate. The dining saloon is on the forward part of the main-deck, and is furnished in magnolia, walnut, and satin-wood, with gold arabesques. The motive power is supplied by a compound engine having two cylinders, one of sixty-four and one of fifty-six inches in diameter, and forty-two inches stroke. Steam is supplied by four main boilers, and a fifth is provided for the donkey-engine. The propeller has four blades, is twelve feet in diameter, with a pitch of twenty feet. She is brig-rigged, with wire standing rigging. There is one smoke-stack, painted black, with a red band, the funnel mark of the New York and Havana Direct Mail Line. The stern is round, and the curved stem terminates in a short bowsprit, ornamented with a gilt eagle and tracery. The *Columbus* is a very swift steamer, and has made many remarkably quick voyages between this city and Havana, on some days attaining a speed of sixteen knots an hour. This quality would make her invaluable as a cruiser.

The *State of California*, recently launched from the ship-yard of Messrs. Cramp & Sons, Philadelphia, is also said to be well adapted to the purpose of a fast cruiser, being sharp, long, and narrow. Her length is 320 feet; breadth of beam, 38 feet; depth of hold, 28 feet. She has accommodations for 400 passengers. She is brig-rigged, with steam steering gear and all the latest improvements in naval architecture. She is supplied with compound surface-condensing engines, with direct-acting inverted cylinders. The engines are constructed to develop 1700 horse-power, and are supplied with steam cylindrical boilers. Extensive alterations will be necessary to fit her for service as a cruiser.

In a recent conversation with a reporter for the *Tribune*, Captain Semetschkin, of the Russian navy, said that the *Cimbria*, which is still lying in Northwest Harbor, was under his orders, and that he has his agents in different parts of the country. This vessel was a good store and transport ship, but unfitted for any other service. He intended to purchase fast-sailing vessels and supplies, but no letters of marque would be issued by the Russian government for any privateers, and no privateering would be carried on under the Russian flag. In making these purchases in time of peace neither any treaties nor the laws of the country were violated. A Russian squadron would soon leave the Baltic for these waters, and the moment war was declared between Russia and England they would go away and not trouble this country. The Russian vessels would be cruisers under the strictest naval discipline, and the British prizes that fall into their hands would revert to the Russian government, with the usual prize-money to the officers and sailors. A Russian squadron had already been stationed in the Pacific to watch the British there.

The activity of Russian agents in this country has naturally caused considerable excitement in England. On May 21 Mr. Gourley, a Liberal member of the House of Commons, propounded in that body an inquiry as to what information the British government had received relative to the reported outfitting of Russian cruisers in American waters. Sir John Holker, Attorney-General, in reply, said that he "had heard of the ships purchased by persons said to act on behalf of Russia, but there is no reason to suppose that the ships will be employed, in the event of war, as privateers, in contravention of the Paris declaration. There is no reason to believe that the United States will depart from observance of the three rules of the Washington Treaty. There is no necessity for discussing the responsibility resting on the government of Russia and the United States, since there is no reason to suppose that they would violate their respective engagements."

Two unarmed Russian war vessels from Cronstadt passed clandestinely through the Sound into the Cattegat during the night of May 20. It was supposed that their destination was this country. The *Pall Mall Gazette's* Berlin special correspondent says that many pretended Russian emigrants are passing through Germany. It is believed that they are seamen, disguised, on their way to America to man cruisers—a surmise which may or may not be correct.

ROUMANIA—SERVIA.

In the fall of the Turkish Empire two new nations have already come into existence, and both seem prepared to maintain their freedom by the desperate resort of war. One of them has had a history so remarkable that it may yet form the theme of some native Macaulay or Motley. Roumania, which stands on the brink of a great conflict with Russia, surrounded by all the fiercest elements of the Eastern strife, with Servia, forms the most recent of those new powers that have joined the European family of nations. It stretches a broad extent of fertile territory inclosed by the Danube and the Carpathian Mountains, and bounded on the east by the Pruth. It has a small coast-line, Bessarabia, north of its great river on the Black Sea, its only outlet for navigation. The new kingdom has a surface of about 48,000 square miles, a little less than England, and a population of perhaps 5,000,000. A strange blending of discordant races appears upon this inland region, so shut in by its encircling range of mountains, and by the vast river that bounds it on the south. The Roumanians claim a descent from the Romans, who under Trajan first planted a colony in the midst of Dacia, and whose cities, roads, bridges, once covered it with the first traces of civilization. After a century or more of dangerous occupation it was found that the mountains and the rivers failed to protect the exposed province. A Roman Emperor withdrew his garrison, Dacia was abandoned, and the Danube, diligently fortified, became the upper boundary of the Roman power.

But Roumania has been ever the refuge of wandering races. Among its most remarkable inhabitants are 200,000 gypsies—wild, half-savage, who were long held in slavery by the Turkish rulers, but who seem to have clung with tenacity to a land which offered them only a miserable oppression. Why these wanderers have fixed themselves in this inland and inhospitable region can scarcely be imagined. But since Roumania has become a nation the gypsies have been set free; they were purchased from their masters by government aid, and it is said are now employed as servants and in various useful pursuits. A still more unfortunate class of the population are the Jews. They too seem to have thriven in the midst of persecution and tyranny, and have refused to fly from a land of bondage. They number almost one-tenth of the people. They are often of light complexion and hair, of Spanish descent. Their activity in trade excites the jealousy of the ruling class. They are still exposed to various disabilities. But it is stated that since its erection into a separate state, and its freedom from Turkish control, Roumania has made some progress toward toleration, and that equal rights will be awarded at last to all its people.

In its early history, when the Romans retreated across the Danube, their place was supplied by the savage Goths, and on the wide plains of Roumania took place that fierce conflict between Goth and Hun that led to the conquest of Rome and the foundation of modern Europe. The Goths were driven across the river; the Huns filled their place, and held all the wide and fertile region and its subject people that had once formed the Dacian province. Under Attila the wandering race was formed into an obedient nation. The master genius of the famous conqueror founded a brief and powerful empire. To the Germans he was known as Etzel, the most potent of earthly princes. His capital was fixed somewhere upon the Danube within the boundaries of Hungary, or at Vienna, and here were performed or witnessed the stately nuptials of Kriemhild, and all the dreadful scenery of the close of the German epic. But Attila as a real character exceeded the exploits of all that was told of him in romance or legend. He swept the Roman provinces, ravaged Greece, fought on the fields of France, pillaged Italy, and in a comparatively short period established the supremacy of the Huns in Europe. The horrible race seemed destined to rule over all civilization. But the conqueror died, and his empire vanished. New states arose, new races of barbarians crossed the fertile fields of Roumania. The Turk, Sclave, Tartar, Russian, Pole, have left their impress upon the scanty population. At last, as Wallachia and Moldavia, it became a Turkish province: the Roman element of the people must have sunk into slavery. The fierce and imperious Turk ruled with an iron sway the upper bank of the Danube. But the Turkish power, too, decayed, and the Russian arms were carried into Moldavia and Wallachia. The people, who were still Christian, began to sigh for independence; the race revived, the Turkish rule was in part thrown off. The Roman element has outlived Hun, Goth, Turk. Roumania became almost independent under Alexander I.; under Prince Charles it has declared itself free.

Of its two rulers, the first, Prince Couza, was elected by the people, a native of Moldavia. He ruled from 1859 to 1866, one of the most radical of reformers. Serfdom was abolished, and the land-owners satisfied from the public funds; the church lands were confiscated, the clergy paid by the state; the press was declared free; railways, roads, bridges, introduced; education encouraged, honesty, frugality, practiced; and the reforming prince was driven from office perhaps because he was only too sincere. He was succeeded by the present ruler, Prince Charles. Roumania has still advanced. The land of the Goths and Huns has become the seat of a real intelligence. A new nation has been formed; Jassy and Bucharest are the centres of a rising civilization; and the Roumanians have proved on many a bloody field their resolution to be free. A large export and import trade has sprung up on the Danube, and the flag of almost every European nation is seen in the harbors of the towns and cities that line its shores.

Still more remarkable is the sudden rise of Servia to freedom and prosperity. The Servians were Sclaves who settled in ancient Mæsia; a famous King Stephen Dushan, in the fourteenth century, defeated the Turks, Byzantines, Hungarians, and created a powerful state. But when he died, the Turks, at the battle of Kossovo (1389), aided by treachery, destroyed the might of Servia; Milos, the Servian Leonidas, stabbed his conqueror, Murad, on the battle-field, but the miserable country sank into a lasting subjection. Its rising literature was suppressed, its children were snatched away to fill the armies or the harems of the Turks; the people sank into intense ignorance; oppression checked their progress for nearly five hundred years. During all the five centuries that have witnessed the rapid progress of France and England, Servia has slumbered in this mediæval decay. Within the present century it has sprung into new life. Through all its period of miserable subjection Servia still retained the memory of its earlier freedom, and expressed in mournful songs and ballads the pains and shame of present decay, or celebrated the glory of its early heroes and kings. One famous ballad recalls the story of the Janizary who, carried away in early youth by the cruel law of the Turks, came back in a hostile invasion to Servia, sacked and destroyed unconsciously the home of his childhood, killed his own parents, bore off into captivity a beautiful girl, his sister, and at last discovers his crimes with ceaseless remorse. Others celebrate the great deeds of Milos Obilic, who fought on the field of Kossovo, and stabbed to the heart Murad, the exulting conqueror. Servian literature outlasted its nationality, and many of its beautiful pieces have recently been translated into English by Mrs. Robinson, Lord Lytton, and others. These touching songs, written in unrhymed verse, may be called the tears of Servia. But since 1815 Servia has been, in a measure, free; in 1856 it received a recognition from Europe, and in 1878 it has become an independent state. Its modern princes have assumed the historical names of its early heroes; and the first of the line, the uncle of the present prince, was known as Milos I., so intense are the national traditions of these subject races.

The two kingdoms of Servia and Roumania are democratic communities, founded upon universal suffrage. Every male citizen over twenty-one, except the gypsies and servants, can vote in Servia; in Roumania the voter must be twenty-five, and know how to read and write. One of the striking traits of the progress of the past twenty years is the adoption every where of the republican principle of manhood suffrage: it would be improved if the Roumanian restriction should be imitated, and the only qualification demanded for a voter should be an educational one. Germany, and in part Austria, have already adopted universal suffrage and a general toleration; the cruel treatment of the Jews in Roumania is one of the lasting blots upon its fame; humanity should be the leading trait of every new nation, and every act of cruelty or murder tends to destroy its hopes of progress. The Roumanians promise improvement in all these matters.

Russia holds at present the peculiar position of being the only government in Europe which summons no House of Representatives nor trusts to the intelligence of its people. To this cause, this want of political foresight, is due, no doubt, much of the uneasiness and restlessness of its suffering population. Nihilism rests upon despotism. There would be no plots, no secret societies, if a House of Representatives opened its doors to the expression of the wants, complaints, murmurs, of the people. Russia, too, still persecutes its Jews and its dissenters. And hence, as the clouds of war seem gathering once more around Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, the sympathies of the cultivated world will follow that power which shows itself the most firm on the side of popular progress. Russia can not safely enforce its own institutions upon any foreign country, for all other lands are pledged to the cause of freedom. The rulers of St. Petersburg are humane; their officials are not always faithful; and as Russia treats the rising nationalities on the banks of the Danube, will be the treatment it will itself receive from the civilized world. Against a Turkish rule it carried with it a general support. But it is only upon the expectation that the Turkish rule will be exchanged for something milder and purer. The Servians and Roumanians have fought bravely for freedom, and deserve it. Eugene Lawrence.

CAPE COLONY.

The attention of the civilized world has recently been directed to South Africa, more especially of late because of the war between Great Britain and the Caffre tribes. Cape Colony, which adjoins Caffraria, occupying the southern extremity of Africa, has for the last ten years been an object of interest on account of the discovery of diamonds within its limits.

In 1652, when the Dutch were about being expelled from South America, they founded Cape Town, as the first European settlement in South Africa. Before the end of the eighteenth century they had, by so-called purchase or violent occupation, created an indefinite boundary to the north, and extended to the east as far as the Great Fish River, comprising an area equal to that of the British Isles. In 1795 it was seized by a British force. It was restored to the Dutch in 1802 under the Treaty of Amiens, but was again captured by the English—this time permanently—in 1806. With the country the English inherited the existing feud with the Caffres, which has resulted in several wars, the last of which is now in progress. Under British dominion the country has been extended until, without any of its offshoots, it now embraces fully 200,000 square miles. It is divided into two provinces, the Eastern and Western, and each province is a diocese of the Church of England, though a considerable portion of the community attend the Dutch Presbyterian Church. These provinces are joined under the same Parliament and the same Governor. The West, having the supremacy, is satisfied with the union, but the East is desirous of separation.

Cape Town, the capital of Cape Colony, has a population of 30,000, which to us Americans, accustomed to the marvellous growth of our own towns and cities, seems very small for a town over two hundred years old, the capital of a large country, and the seat of the colonial Legislature. Forty years ago slave labor was the labor of the country, and it has left behind, as it always does, its curse of unthrift, apathy, and general unprofitableness to retard the growth of Cape Town.

As the harbor of the town is entered, a scene of rare beauty presents itself. It is close down on the sea-shore, within the circumference of Table Bay, so that it has the advantage of an opposite shore. It is also backed by Table Mountain, with its grand, upright cliffs, so that it has acquired a reputation for landscape beauty. The town itself—buildings and streets—is not remarkable for any thing, its beauty all depending upon the scenery around. Anthony Trollope, in his work on South Africa, mentions the uneven roadways and general lack of enterprise, and then says:

"To this criticism I do not doubt but that my friends of the Cape will object; but when they do so, I would ask whether their own opinion of their own town is not the same as mine. 'It is a beastly place, you know,' one Cape Town gentleman said to me. 'Oh no,' said I, in that tone which a guest is obliged to use when the mistress of a house speaks ill of any thing at her own table; 'no, no—not that.' But he persisted. 'A beastly place!' he repeated; 'but we have plenty to eat and plenty to drink, and manage to make out life very well. The girls are as pretty as they are any where else, and as kind, and the brandy and water as plentiful.' To the truth of all these praises I bear my willing testimony, always setting aside the kindness of the young ladies."

The present comparative success of Cape Colony is due almost entirely to the diamonds, or rather to the commercial prosperity caused by the consumption in which diamond-finders and their satellites have been enabled to indulge. In 1867 a diamond was found in the hands of a child at the south side of the Orange River. Near to this place the Vaal runs into the Orange, and it is in the angle between the two that the diamonds have been found. This particular diamond went through various hands, and was at last sold to Sir Philip Woodhouse, the Governor, for £500. As was natural, a stream of seekers after precious stones soon flowed in upon the country, some to enrich themselves, and many to become utterly ruined in the struggle. The most manifest effect on the colony, as it has always been in regions in which gold has been found, has been the great increase in consumption. It is not the diamonds or the gold which enrich the country in which the workings of nature have placed her hidden treasures, but the food which the diggers eat and the clothes which the diggers wear. White men looking for diamonds can drink Champagne; black men looking for diamonds can buy clothes and guns and food. It is not the wealth found which directly enriches the nation, but the trade created by the finding. What fortunes have been made in this pursuit no one can tell. There can be no doubt many have ruined themselves by fruitless labors, and that others who have suddenly enriched themselves have been unable to bear their prosperity with equanimity. The effect of a valuable diamond upon a digger who had been working a month for nothing was in the early days almost maddening. Now the pursuit has settled itself down into a fixed industry. Companies have been formed. Individuals are not suddenly enriched by the finding of a stone. Dividends are declared monthly, and there is something approaching to a fixed rate of finding from this claim or from that, from this side of the mine or from the other. There is less of excitement, and consequently less of evil. Men are no

longer prone to the gambler's condition of mind, which induces an individual to think that he—he especially—will win, in opposition to all established odds and chances, and prompts him to anticipate his winning by lavish expenditure, to waste it when it does come by such puerile resources as shoeing a horse with gold or drinking Champagne out of a bucket. Of the national benefit arising from the diamonds there can be no doubt. Whether they have been equally beneficial to those who have searched for them and found them may be a matter of question. If there be an employment in which the laborer has actually to grovel in the earth, it is this search for diamonds. There is much of it in gold-seeking, but in the search after diamonds it is all grovelling. Sharp, prying eyes are wanted rather than an intelligence fitted for calculations, and patience in manipulating dirt than skill in managing men or figures. And the feeling engendered—the constant recollection that a diamond may always be found—is carried so far that the mind never rests from business. This feeling affects even the women and children, teaching them that dirt thrice turned may yet be turned a fourth time with some hope of profit. Consequently women and children do turn dirt instead of making pretty needle-work or wholesome mud pies. So much a dozen is given to young children for the smallest specks of diamonds—specks which their young eyes might possibly discover. There is not so much of this now as there was, and as years roll on there will be less and less, even if diamonds are still found. The ladies will live far away from the grit—if the diamonds still be there in twenty years—and small diamonds will have become too common to make it worth the parents' while to endanger their children's eyes. Nothing, however, will tend so much to this as the lessening of the value of diamonds. The stone is at present so precious that a man's mind can not bear to think that one should escape him.

Cape Colony—with its diamonds, its wine, its ostrich-farming, and other sources of wealth; with its many prosperous towns, one of which Trollope compliments us by saying "is built on the lines of one of those marvellous American little towns, in which philanthropy and humanity seem to have worked together to supply every rational want;" with its English and Dutch inhabitants to supply the needed stamina, the energy, the enterprise, the brain—ought to have before it a career of prosperity, and probably has, although the labor and the franchise questions have to be settled satisfactorily in the future.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The system of summer schools of science inaugurated by Professor Agassiz at Penikese a number of years ago still continues to be in vogue. In addition to those already mentioned in our columns, Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine, has announced a special summer course of scientific instruction in continuation of those of previous years. The particular subjects in which instruction will be given are chemistry, mineralogy, and zoology.

The propriety of preserving forever the head-quarters used by General Washington at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, during the winter of 1778, spent there by the Continental army, has induced the formation of a ladies' organization, somewhat similar to that of the Mount Vernon Association, having this as its object. The house was at that time owned and occupied by Mr. Isaac Potts, and is still in a fair condition of preservation. Certificates of stock are being issued at one dollar each, and a Ladies' Executive Board will be formed, to consist of a Regent and Vice-Regents, with an advisory committee of gentlemen.

Many years ago Mr. Edward Newton, an English gentleman, and brother of the well-known ornithologist Professor Alfred Newton, of Cambridge, spent some time at Santa Cruz in the West Indies, and by means of a very complete collection of the birds of that island was among the first to furnish a clew to the ornithology of the West India group.

A member of the British diplomatic service, he was sent from the West Indies to the Mauritius, and there by his observations and collections developed the history of the fossil birds of that and the adjacent islands. Quite recently he has been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica, and he proposes to complete the ornithological exploration of that island, begun by Mr. Gosse. In thus making use of his official station for the advancement of natural science, and especially of ornithology, Mr. Newton follows the example of Mr. E. L. Layard, who has been successively stationed at the Cape of Good Hope, in Brazil, and at New Caledonia.

Botanists will be gratified to learn that the publication by Professor Asa Gray of his great work upon the *Flora of North America* has been commenced, and will be continued as rapidly as practicable. Many years ago a work with the same title was started by Drs. Torrey and Gray, and carried through the Compositæ, where it stopped.

The vast extension of the field of American botany, consequent upon the discoveries in California, Oregon, and other regions west of the Mississippi, has made the want of a manual extremely imperative, and this will be furnished by the work referred to.

For the purpose of better satisfying the wants of students, the work begins with the Gamopetalæ, immediately following the Compositæ, and the ground covered by the original *Flora* will be taken up after the other orders are completed.

The entire work will consist of two volumes of about 1200 pages each, the first part, now issued, embracing about 400 pages.

The book is to be had from the curator of the Harvard Herbarium at Cambridge.

A striking feature in the mineralogy of certain portions of the West consists of what are popularly known as "niggerheads," or geodes, occurring in the Keokuk formation, and found in Missouri, Kentucky, Indiana, and elsewhere. These geodes consist of a hollow shell externally of silica or chalcedony, the body lined with most beautiful crystals; sometimes these are spherical, sometimes flattened. The precise origin of these geodes in the deposits was formerly a matter of uncertainty, but latterly the hypothesis has been suggested that they are simply the casts or moulds in the formation where they occur of sponges, which, rotting away at times, leave a cavity in which the crystals are formed by infiltration. These sponges are supposed to have been originally somewhat like the horny sponges of modern times, but without peduncle or means of attachment.

Mr. Wallace, in the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, in maintaining this hypothesis, places them in a genus which he calls *Biopalla*, or life-ball, and describes eight species, all well distinguished.

Among the most interesting recent discoveries in American paleontology is that of a fossil passerine bird occurring in the insect-bearing shales of Colorado, and lately described by Mr. J. A. Allen, and is the first instance of the occurrence.

Unfortunately the bill is defective, and the precise relationships can not be ascertained, but in general form and character the species differs little from the scarlet tanager or the cedar-bird. The bird appears to have been one of the fringillidæ, or finches; the bones themselves are well preserved, and the impressions of the shafts or barbs of the feathers are entire.

A figure and description of the fossil are given in the *American Journal of Science and Arts* under the name of *Palæospiza bella*. The form described by Mr. Allen has no relationship whatever to the remarkable birds described by Professor Marsh as having teeth in the jaws something like those of the reptiles.

Mr. A. H. Curtiss, of Jacksonville, Florida, has lately prepared a series of dried plants of the Southern States, and has them ready for distribution and sale at a moderate price. The first fasciculus consists of one hundred species. They are vouched for by Dr. Gray to be well and neatly put up and accurately labelled.

The ranks of American veterans in natural science have again been thinned by the death of Dr. Charles Pickering, of pneumonia, on the 17th March, at the age of seventy-three. Dr. Pickering obtained his degree of medicine in 1826, and practiced his profession several years in Philadelphia, until he was appointed one of the naturalists of the United States exploring expedition under Wilkes, in 1838. After his return he published several important reports, especially one on the races of men and the geographical distribution of plants. A third work, of considerable size, entitled *Man's Record of his own Existence*, is now in press. Dr. Pickering is well known to the scientific men of his day as patient, painstaking, and industrious, with almost an unnatural disinclination to occupy the position in the scientific world to which his labors entitle him.

Professor Lesquereux, in a paper on the fossil plants of the gold-bearing gravel of the Sierra Nevada, which we have already referred to as having been published by the Cambridge Museum of Comparative Zoology, announces the following general conclusions: First. That the species are related by some forms to the miocene, and still more closely to the present flora of the North American continent. Secondly. The North American facies is traced by some of the species to the miocene, eocene, and even the cretaceous of the Western Territories; hence it is not possible to consider the present North American flora as derived from Europe, or even from Asia, and it must be considered as indigenous. Thirdly. The relation of these plants is with the flora of the Atlantic slope, and not with that of California of the present time.

The fourth volume of the report of the Secretary of War, which accompanies the President's Message of the current session of Congress, is composed of the report of General Myer, chief signal officer of the army. This is a volume of 509 pages, with sixty-two plates. It gives an account of the very varied character of the service, and of the gradual extension, which has rendered it one of the most extensive scientific organizations of the day.

The publication of a work on the algæ of North America, to consist of the plants themselves properly put up and labelled, was commenced a year ago by the three most eminent American algologists, Dr. W. G. Farlow, of Cambridge, Professor D. C. Eaton, of Yale, and Dr. C. L. Anderson, of California. A second fasciculus has lately appeared, and maintains the high character of the first.

Professor H. Girard, recently director of the Halle Museum, died on the 12th of April. He was more especially known in connection with the Stassfurt deposits.

According to Dr. Schomburgk, of all the various species of eucalyptus the *E. rostrata*, or the red gum, is the most desirable, being especially serviceable for under-ground work. It is also said to be proof against the attacks of white ants.

Dr. Rudolph Falb, of Vienna, is at present engaged in studying the earthquake region of South and Central America, and at latest advices had reached Arequipa. He was then making preparation to ascend the volcano of Misti, near that place, supposed to be 17,500 feet high.

The Supervising Surgeon-General of the War Department has lately issued a circular calling the attention of State and municipal Boards of Health, and of port sanitary authorities in the United States, to a provision of the National Quarantine Act, approved April 29, 1878, which provides that upon the receipt by the Surgeon-General of the Marine Hospital Service of information of the departure of any vessel, goods, or passengers from infected places to any port in the United States, he shall immediately notify the proper State and municipal or United States officers at the threatened port of destination of the vessel. Consular agents and other government officers are instructed to forward by telegraph or otherwise the information in question.

THE FIRST ITALIAN MYSTERY PLAY.

The first great Mystery Play of which we have any knowledge, so far as Italy is concerned, was represented in the year 1244 at Prato della Valle, a suburb of Padua. It was the drama of the *Redemption*, the tragedy of the Crucifixion. People flocked to Padua from all parts of Italy to see this performance. A young lady of acknowledged beauty played the part of the Virgin Mary; peasants played the part of the apostles, soldiers, etc.; and monks had *rôles* allotted to them. Nay, a man was found to play the part of our Saviour—long fair hair, parted in the middle, and a meek and goodly aspect being, it is said, his principal characteristics. The next great spectacle of this kind took place in the Friuli, about the year 1298; and at the commencement of the fourteenth century a third and grander performance was given at Cividale, in the north of Italy, amidst the applause of thousands upon thousands of spectators. The *dénouement* of the drama did not end with the Crucifixion, for the Mystery Play, as originally performed, was found to be incomplete. It was remodelled on a broader basis, and the new basis was made to include three episodes, that is to say, three acts, the first act dealing with the Atonement or Crucifixion, the second with the Resurrection, and the third with the Ascension into heaven. Cividale was the envy and the wonder of all the cities of Italy. Every town in the peninsula wanted Mystery Plays, and Mystery Plays for a hundred years were one of the great subjects of men's thoughts and one of the principal topics of conversation. For the time had not yet come for Mother Church to desert her bantling; priests and monks did not yet repudiate the worldly child that had been born on the threshold of the sanctuary. The brat was allowed to live as a kind of semi-official underling of the priesthood; he was called Allegory, he was called Revival, he was called Mystery Play. Priests and monks were quite willing to let the people be educated by means of the theatre so long as the theatre was in their own hands. Theatrical performances were semi-religious ceremonies in the Middle Ages, as dancing in the days of ancient Rome was a part of religious discipline. Rome had its *Salii*, with their sacred leaps and mummeries, in the temple of Mars; and Italy had its Mystery Plays, performed outside the sanctuary, but not at enmity with it. When civilization increased, when the dramatic art slipped out of the hands of the priesthood, theatres were denounced, and people were warned against playgoing, much as they are warned nowadays against heresy. The Mystery Plays survived their founders, and continued to be in vogue till far into the fourteenth century.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A short time before the death of the venerated Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, he wrote a letter to a friend in Philadelphia, which is of peculiar interest as being the last one—with the exception of a few brief business notes—which came from his pen. After writing this letter he put it into the drawer of his desk, intending to revise it, as was his custom, before mailing it. His other engagements, combined with failing physical strength, prevented him from doing this, and after his death the unmailed letter was found by his family precisely as first indited. In writing this—as Professor Henry remarks at the close of the letter—he "drifted into theological speculations," which indicate the belief of a distinguished scientist. We quote from it briefly:

"What mysteries of unfathomable depth environ us on every side! but after all our speculations and an attempt to grapple with the problem of the universe, the simplest conception which explains and connects the phenomena is that of the existence of one spiritual being, infinite in wisdom, in power, and all divine perfections, which exists always and every where, which has created us with intellectual faculties sufficient in some degree to comprehend His operations as they are developed in nature by what is called 'science.' This being is unchangeable, and therefore His operations are always in accordance with the same laws, the conditions being the same."

After stating that he can only refer our conceptions of good to "God," a "being of infinite perfections," Professor Henry says:

"On the other hand, we are conscious of having such evil thoughts and tendencies that we can not associate ourselves with a divine being, who is the director and the governor of all, or even call upon Him for mercy, without the intercession of one who may affiliate himself with us."

It is stated that Mr. Edison, inventor of the phonograph, is at work upon an apparatus to enable the deaf to hear. A Springfield paper, in commenting upon this, remarks: "But what the world principally longs for at present is a mechanical, and therefore an honest, treasurer, for use in towns, manufactories, and savings-banks. Let Mr. Edison consider this."

Croakers of evil may now be silenced for a while. The Czar of Russia has attained his sixtieth birthday, thus breaking the spell which many prophesied hung over every Romanoff, dooming him to death before reaching that age.

A monument is to be erected in the Central Park to the memory of the famous Spanish writer Cervantes. The design is elaborate. It includes, in addition to the heroic size bronze statue of Cervantes, a bronze life-size group of Don Quixote on Rosinante, with Sancho Panza by his side on his donkey, just setting out on his journey; also a bass-relief representing the battle of Lepanto, where Cervantes was wounded. The stone of which the monument is to be built will come from the birth-place of Cervantes; and many beautiful colored marbles, found in Granada, Spain, will be used for prominent parts of the figures.

A successful experiment in silk culture has been made by Mr. Samuel Lowery, a colored lawyer, of Huntsville, Alabama. For three years past he has been engaged in this enterprise, and has now about a quarter of an acre planted with mulberry-trees, and is the owner of more than 100,000 worms. The mulberry grows well in Southern Alabama, and the silk-worms have proved unusually healthy. Mr. Lowery thinks the cost per acre of silk culture would be about the same as that of cotton. The experiment is of such industrial importance to the South that Mr. Lowery has come North to establish the necessary market, and to procure all labor-saving appliances which are now employed in the preparation of silk for the market.

A new trade has opened between this country and Germany which bids fair to become a lucrative business, both for the United States and Germany. This is the exportation of lean cattle from the West to graze and be fattened upon the succulent grass of the province of Schleswig-Holstein. Thus far the experiment promises well.

Something has been done about it at last. Permits to bring fat from other places to this city to be rendered have been revoked, and arrangements are being made to prevent factories of various kinds from continuing to be such disagreeable nuisances as they have been. Those who have hitherto disregarded the complaints of the long-suffering people of New York will be compelled to discontinue business for a while, at least. And the Health Board is expected to attend to this matter thoroughly.

A family living at East Irvington, on the Hudson, was recently poisoned by the use of poke-root, or American hellebore, which was mistaken for horse-radish. This unusual condiment very nearly proved fatal.

At the Paris Exhibition M. Gustave Doré will show his versatile talents by exhibiting specimens of sculpture. One group, entitled "The Prize of Glory," is classical and of real beauty. The other is an enormous vase four meters in height, of unique design, and powerful originality.

Somebody has discovered—or thinks he has—a man living among the foot-hills of the Sierra Mesila, New Granada, who is 180 years old. It is said his neighbors believe him to be even older, but this is a point difficult to prove. When the oldest inhabitants of the district were boys, they remembered that this Miguel Solis was a reputed centenarian, and various statements indicate that his sojourn on earth has been protracted. Miguel himself says that the secret of his living a century or two is very simple—merely never getting intoxicated and never overfeeding. His teeth are sound, his eyes bright, and he is robust and active—at least, so runs the story.

It is expected that Kansas City will soon be lighted by natural gas. Many Artesian wells in the vicinity of the town have struck gas veins in the process of boring. One, about two miles distant, has given off 25,000 feet of gas daily for five years past; and the gas companies have commenced boring beneath the city with a view to securing the natural instead of the manufactured product.

A large free school has been established in Naples by a German lady, Mrs. Salis Schwabe, who has devoted most of her private fortune to this enterprise. The Italian government granted her a large but dilapidated building, which she has gradually repaired. There are now about 250 pupils in the school, and more could be accommodated if the funds admitted of procuring teachers and needful facilities. Besides ordinary elementary schools, there now exists a Kindergarten, and also industrial schools, and a training institution for teachers on the Fröbel system. The last two are but the commencement of what are meant to be large institutions. The national government of Italy, the government of the province, and the municipality of Naples all contribute large sums to the support of the school.

At a recent art sale in London several paintings of Turner's brought nearly or quite $30,000 each. Among these were "Ancient Italy," "Modern Italy," "Rome from Mount Aventine," "Venice by Moonlight," "Juliet after the Masquerade," etc.

In the British section of the Paris Exposition the pavilion of the Prince and Princess of Wales is an Elizabethan villa, erected at a cost of $100,000. It is elegantly finished and furnished, and if the Prince and Princess like they can live there. It is expected that the cost of the pavilion will be more than covered by the sale of the mosaic floor of the dressing-rooms, the fire-places, the furniture, and hangings. An Englishman has offered to buy the house with a view of reconstructing it in the neighborhood of Paris.

A hotel for women has been opened in St. Louis. It was built and is owned, as we understand, by women, and furnishes excellent accommodations for about four dollars a week. An exchange inquires, in an aggrieved sort of way, why somebody will not start a hotel exclusively for men, where they may enjoy themselves without being molested.

The following statement in regard to postage-stamps will be interesting to many of our readers. In order to ascertain how it happens that such fabulous numbers of stamps are cancelled at the New York Post-office, whereas scarcely one-half of the same are purchased here, Postmaster James caused an account to be taken of the actual number disfigured in the several divisions during a period of twenty-four hours. The following totals show the result of the accounts made:

Total value of postage-stamps cancelled in the New York Post-office for the twenty-four hours ending at 12 M. on May 14, 1878, including stamps on all letters, third-class matter, and postal cards, deposited for mailing and for delivery	$14,136 73
Value of stamps cancelled annually, estimated from above figures, exclusive of Sundays and holidays..................	4,425,194 00
Actual sales of postage-stamps for the year 1877	2,425,550 70
Value of postage-stamps cancelled at the New York Post-office during one year, but which were purchased elsewhere...	1,999,644 30

Along the coast of Labrador the condition of the people is reported to be heart-rending. Last fall the fisheries failed, and traders who had exchanged provisions for fish and oil abandoned the territory, not willing to let the inhabitants have food on credit. Thus they were left to starve; and when icy winter had shut them in from the outside world, and death stared them in the face, it was too late to make their wants known. They were two hundred leagues from Quebec, without any means of overland communication in the winter. Recently their condition has been revealed by an appeal of a French missionary to the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, and a quantity of provisions, medicines, and clothing has been sent to them.

GIVE THEM AN INCH, AND THEY'LL TAKE AN ELL.

THE REPUBLICAN ADDRESS.

TO THE VOTERS OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE Democratic House of Representatives has to-day, by a party vote, adopted a resolution which, under the pretense of investigation, is to lay the foundation for the revolutionary expulsion of the President from his office. This is the culmination of a plot that has been on foot from the day that HAYES and WHEELER were constitutionally declared elected. It made its first public appearance in the resolution of the last Democratic House, adopted at the close of the session, declaring TILDEN and HENDRICKS elected. TILDEN and HENDRICKS subsequently made similar public declarations themselves. A few timid members have long held back, and some of them, after being coerced to a final vote, still pretend they will halt as soon as their partial and one-sided investigation shall be ended. In other words, they intend, after hearing suborned evidence, to bring in a verdict that HAYES is a usurper and that he should not remain in office. These men have no control in the Democratic party. They dared not even follow ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, or unite against caucus dictation to the extent of showing some semblance of fair play. They will be impotent in the future as they have been in the past. Moreover, it is difficult to believe in their sincerity, in view of the public avowal of their party that its purpose is, if possible, to displace the President. It is a matter of history that the resolution just adopted was framed to express this object. The Speaker of the House was consulted in advance as to whether he would rule that it was a privileged question. The party managers were anxious to conceal their purpose, if possible. In this they were defeated by the Speaker, who would not rule it a question of privilege unless it clearly assailed the title of the President. The resolution being offered, he read a carefully prepared opinion, deciding it to be a question of the highest privilege, because it involved the question of the validity of HAYES's title. Here are his very words:

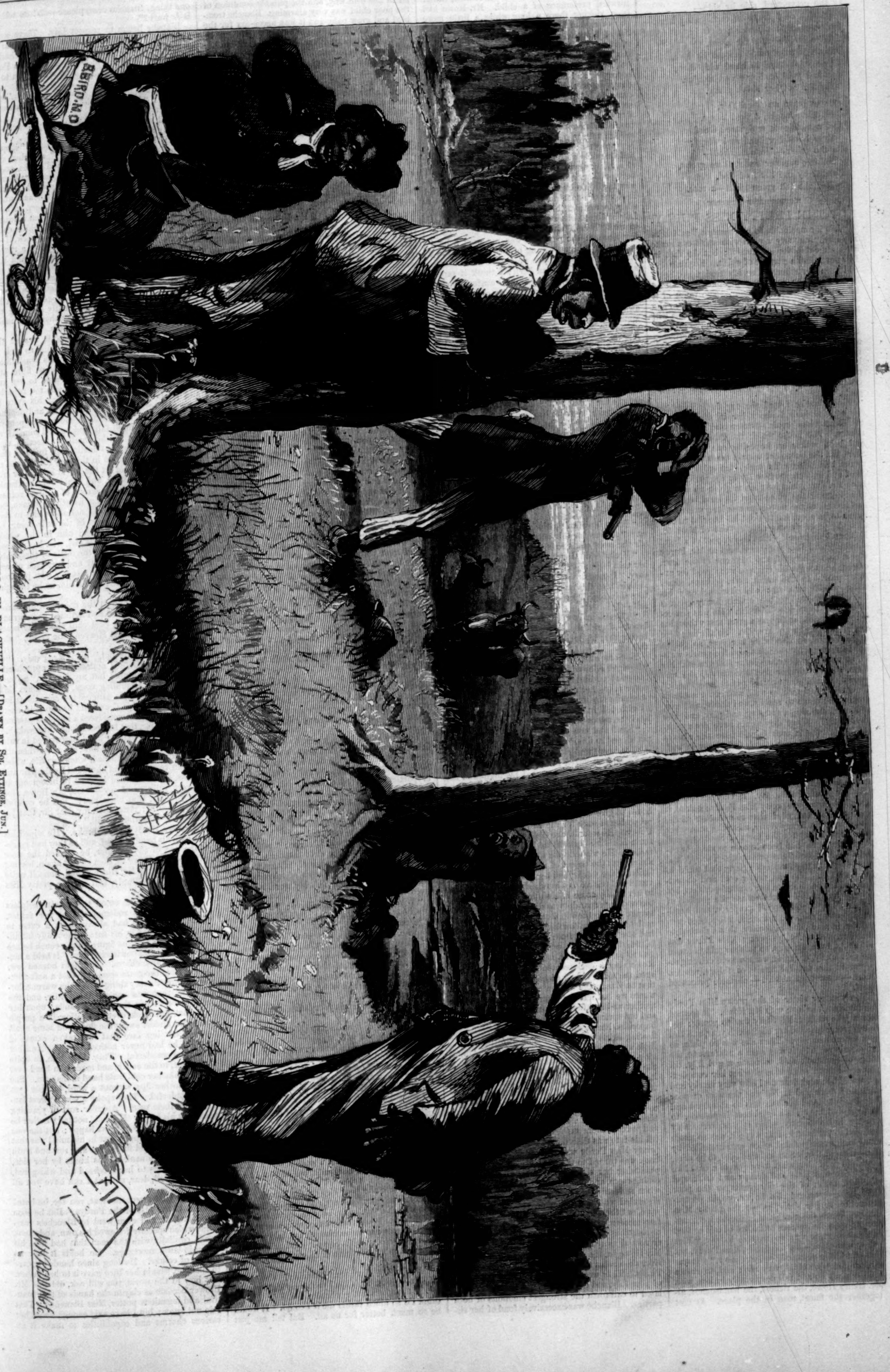
"A higher privilege than the one here involved and broadly and directly presented, as to the rightful occupancy of the chief executive chair of the government, and the connection of high government officials with frauds alleged, the chair is unable to conceive. The chair finds enumerated among the questions of privilege set down in the manual the following: 'The election of the President.' The chair therefore rules that the preamble and resolution embrace questions of privilege of the highest character, and recognizes the right of the gentleman from New York to offer the same."

Upon this the Republicans commenced to struggle against the revolutionary scheme, which after five days' duration terminated in the success of the conspirators. The Republicans offered to favor the fullest investigation into all alleged frauds, by whichever party charged to have been committed; but the Democracy pursued its course shamelessly and relentlessly, and stifled all inquiry into the attempts at bribery in Oregon, South Carolina, and Alabama, and murder and violence in several of the States. Neither amendment nor debate was allowed. The inexorable previous question was applied and enforced. The scheme, if pursued (and it is now fully inaugurated), can only have the effect of further paralyzing business of all kinds, preventing the restoration of confidence which seemed promising, casting gloom over every household, and bringing our nation into reproach before the civilized world. The peace of the country is the first consideration of patriots. This new effort of the Democracy to inaugurate anarchy and Mexicanize the government by throwing doubts upon the legitimacy of the title of the President is in keeping with the record of that party, one wing of which rebelled against the government, while the other wing gave them aid and comfort. We call, therefore, upon all who opposed the rebellion of 1861, without distinction of party, to rally again to the support of law, order, and stable government, and to overwhelm with defeat the reckless agitators who, to gain political power, would add to the present distress of the country by shaking the foundations of the government they failed in a four years' war to destroy.

By unanimous order of the committee.

EUGENE HALE, Chairman.

GEORGE C. GORHAM, Secretary.



THE DUELLO IN BLACKVILLE.—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.]

A ROSE.

IN the grave-yard, side by side—
Death's cold hand on each young heart—
Two dear lily-maidens lie,
Who in life were far apart.
One trod paths made smooth by love,
One went hand in hand with care;
One had gold, and one had naught
Golden but her shining hair.

By one grave an angel fair,
Marble-wrought, a vigil keeps,
And a wondrous sculptured Grief
Ever bows her head and weeps;
On the other—else unmarked—
Making summer sweet, there grows,
Planted by the hand of God,
'Mid the tall green grass—a rose.

NOT THE PRETTY MISS PURDY.

"IT's inconceivable to me, mamma," said Miss Blanche, "how any woman with spirit can make such an exhibition of herself; but the fact is, Lily never had a particle of spirit. Even a worm will turn sometimes when it's trod upon, but I believe any one could trample the vitals out of Lily and she'd never murmur. The worst of it is, she spoils my plans, and it's too bad, when she hasn't the shadow a chance herself, that she will persist in acting the part of a dog in the manger. I should think, considering the self-sacrificing and uncomfortable *rôle* she's chosen for herself, the fact of securing her idol in the family would hold some charm for her; but the ridiculous display she makes of her unrequited affection is gradually bringing to ruin all our available prospects."

Miss Blanche tossed the egg-shells from her fingers, and looked about her in disdain upon the comfortless breakfast-room and its appurtenances. The house which the Purdys occupied had been rather an imposing one some years since, but the burden of unpaid taxes and assessments had broken its once high spirit, and its chief and only charm now lay in the parlor floor. Poor Mr. Purdy had long since given up all idea of redeeming the place from its legal bondage; and indeed, as the mortgage was long overdue, it began to be apparent to even his hopeful nature that the property was slipping out of his hold. He consoled himself with the prospect of a legal squabble with the mortgagee, and as Mr. Purdy was a lawyer himself, and held one of the town offices, he thought his chances were good for another year. In the mean time, perhaps, something would turn up; and unconsciously his thoughts reverted to the extraordinary charms of his eldest daughter Blanche. He was scarcely to be blamed for this, as a great many thoughts ran in the same happy direction. So alluring were these charms, so blue were her eyes, so golden her hair, so perfect her lips and the pearls within, so vivid her color, so lithe and graceful her form, so shapely her feet and hands, she was known far and near as "the pretty Miss Purdy." Then she could talk so well, and could smile so archly, and blush so readily, and dance, and row, and swim, and skate, and sing, and play, and pose so divinely! What they would have done without her at the church fairs, where she always reigned at the flower stand, and threw in with each bud so priceless a smile—how they would have dispensed with her in the charades and tableaux and various contrivances by which the big church annually tided over its financial difficulties—it would be hard to say. But nobody thought of doing without the pretty Miss Purdy; indeed, it was generally conceded that the teacher of the Bible class, Mr. Henry Howe, meant to secure her as a permanency for the town of Seabrook and its vicinity. He had been known to strongly object to the title of "the pretty Miss Purdy," and was really the most available party that could do away with it. She was rather cold and coquettish and shy, as became her exalted position, but nobody but a fool would refuse the proffer of the fine house and landed property, and handsome person, majestic manners, unbounded perquisites in trade and in society, that belonged to Mr. Henry Howe. The pretty Miss Purdy was not a fool, by any means, so this magnificent man and this lovely, engaging woman were drifting together in this natural fitness of things, when a queer—almost an absurd—obstacle presented itself.

The younger sister of the pretty Miss Purdy fell hopelessly in love with Mr. Howe. It seemed like a joke at first, Miss Lily was so young: she had scarcely reached her eighteenth year, and had just entered society. Then she was so plain, so hopelessly plain! It was such a misfortune, the folks of Seabrook said, to name a girl Lily, till you could form some idea of what her complexion would be; and, dear me! how very murky and dark and thick and turbid was the skin of poor Lily Purdy! And her hair was so abundant and straight and heavy, it was almost impossible to arrange it becomingly, when it was irrevocably fastened to the head in that way: it was so much more easily manipulated when untrammelled by these natural ties. She had fine eyes, to be sure, large and dark; but what were eyes in a case like this? She was little and dumpy and dull; and then just think of the disadvantages the poor child labored under! To be known, in contradistinction to her sister, as *not* the pretty Miss Purdy. When the gossips of Seabrook were descanting upon the success or failure of this or that entertainment, it was so natural to say, "Miss Purdy was there—*not* the pretty Miss Purdy, but that plain little sister of hers, you know." It was sad for the poor child, very sad; and, to crown all, she must go and fall desperately in love with Mr. Henry Howe, the richest, the handsomest, altogether the finest, man in the place. At first her passion was set aside as the foolish, rather forward preference of a child. Mr. Howe had been visiting there a long while, a little more pronounced in his attentions than the other suitors of Blanche, and gradually gravitating to the position of a suitor; this of course rendered his footing in the household an easy one, and his bearing to the younger sister was gentle and encouraging and familiar, as was natural under the circumstances. It began to be apparent that Lily clung to his presence pertinaciously—too much so altogether for the comfortable American custom of letting young people arrange their matrimonial affairs for themselves. Blanche endeavored in vain to get rid of this stumbling-block to her progress; hints and winks and frowns and little errands were unavailing; at last the parental authority was called in, and the parlor floor became Blanche's undivided empire. But there was the Bible class, which Lily always attended, in storm or sunshine, and of course it was impossible to restrict the child's religious privileges. Lily had not mastered enough of Bible literature to make herself either a help or a nuisance to her teacher; the poor girl was not even a hard student, or a blue-stocking of any kind. I don't know that it would have prospered her unfortunate passion if she had been; I think it rarely does; but, anyway, I may as well confess candidly that I am not holding back any capabilities in Lily's mind or person that will suddenly sweep away all obstacles to her happiness. Her mind appeared to be as sluggish as her blood, and her whole being seemed so completely dominated by this overpowering affection that it overflowed to the surface, and unconsciously to herself she was the talk of the class. When she entered society her foolish partiality had been for a short time the talk of the place—only a short time, because the subject was too absurd and unimportant to occupy the gossips of Seabrook long, but it was long enough to make Mr. Howe uncomfortable—very uncomfortable indeed. His maiden sister, who superintended his home, began one morning to inveigh in no measured terms against this unbecoming conduct on the part of Miss Purdy.

"Not the pretty Miss Purdy, Henry," said Miss Howe. "I must say, although I don't altogether fancy the pretty Miss Purdy" (it would be hard to say who Miss Howe *did* altogether fancy), "I've no fault to find with her manners or appearance."

"There *is* no fault to find, Jane," said her brother. "And as for this outrageous talk about Lily, it's the most monstrous thing I ever heard of."

"Well," said Jane, with an eloquent sniff of her thin high nose, "I'm glad your conscience is easy. I should hate to believe that you had led the girl into this unseemly idolatry. I have been forced into giving the matter some attention myself—"

"These confounded tattle-mongers of Seabrook—" said Mr. Howe. Then paused, remembering that his maiden sister was at the head of this set.

"—Some attention myself," pursued Miss Howe, who never allowed herself to be disturbed by these fraternal outbursts; "and I have seen that she never takes her eyes from your face, that she is obsequious in her attentions to you, that she blushes with delight when you speak to her, and absolutely trembles at your frown."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Mr. Howe. "I'll put an end to this." And soon thereafter mounting his horse and riding in a familiar direction, he became so vexed in spirit and out of temper with the world in general that his high-bred nag caught the infection, and began to curvet and prance in unison.

Mr. Howe had determined when he left the house to give the final blow to all this gossip by proposing at once for the hand of the pretty Miss Purdy. He would have done so long ago but for some fastidious qualms he had in relation to her father. He wished with all his heart, as he rode along, that the object of his affection hadn't a relation in the world; and becoming more and more vexed and restive as a hundred hateful objections to her family arose in his mind, when he reached the house, preparatory to dismounting, he gave a savage jerk to the bit, that threw the spirited animal beneath him on her haunches. No sooner had she recovered from this shock to her sensibilities than she rose upon her hind-legs and began to paw the air in a most lively manner. Mr. Howe always declared that he could have managed the vixen if he had been let alone; but, be that as it may, the window of the front basement, where we last left the pretty Miss Purdy and her mother at breakfast, was suddenly dashed open, and out sprang a female figure to the relief of the imperilled horseman. There was a wild vision of flowing skirts and hair streaming in the wind, a little arm and hand catching at the rein and dragging at it for half a second or so; then all at once the animal became as quiet as a lamb, and hung its head curiously over the female figure, now prostrate on the pavement. Mr. Howe flung himself off his horse, and carried Miss Purdy up the stairs to the parlor floor—*not* the pretty Miss Purdy; bless you, no. Mr. Howe might have curvetted and pranced there on the two hind-legs of his horse till his fate was determined forever, so far as the pretty Miss Purdy was concerned. Besides, her back was turned to the window; she was busy reproaching her sister, who had just entered the dining-room, and poor Mrs. Purdy was looking on, when suddenly they saw the child's eyes become distended with a wild horror, and she flew, as it were, out the window. It was all over then in a few moments, and Mr. Howe was carrying his unconscious burden into the parlor. The mother rushed away for restoratives and a doctor, and Mr. Howe in the next few minutes went far to rivet the chains that bound him to the pretty Miss Purdy. They were both hanging over the couch of poor Lily, and the occasion was certainly calculated to call forth the strongest emotions of both parties. Blanche was excessively fond of her sister in her own way, and the pitiable condition of the poor child was very alarming. Blanche trembled and grew pale, and it was necessary for the strong arm of Mr. Howe to support her.

"Don't give way, Blanche," he said, calling her thus familiarly for the first time in his life. "My sweet Blanche, don't give way, for *my* sake—for all our sakes."

Then Mrs. Purdy came into the room, and shortly after the doctor arrived; and as soon as the medical gentleman had declared there was nothing very serious to fear, that it was only a slight concussion of the brain, and with care and quiet all would be well—as soon as Blanche was at ease about Lily, her thoughts reverted to the tender accents and unmistakably fond words of Mr. Howe. And the soul of the pretty Miss Purdy was rested in the thought that this procrastinated and tedious wooing would now be brought to a speedy and desirable end. The doctor went away, Mrs. Purdy was called to some domestic duty, and Mr. Howe and the pretty Miss Purdy were left there together. Mr. Howe was sitting quite close to Blanche, his elbow on the arm of her chair, and his head resting on his hand. It was a graceful, almost a touching position for a lover under the circumstances. Blanche was quite content that he should remain silent, feeling certain of what was going on in his heart. Ah me! how little, after all, we know of this unstable and perfidious organ! Its quips and quirks and fandangos pass all human understanding.

Mr. Howe sighed heavily, and Blanche put her hand sympathizingly upon his arm. It was a pretty hand, slim and white, with rosy nails and blue veins—a very pretty hand; and Mr. Howe's other hand was dangling uselessly at his side; but he made no effort to take the pretty little hand in his own.

"Don't grieve," whispered Blanche; "please don't. She's getting over it. See how regularly she breathes. She'll soon be well again; the doctor said so, you know."

"Yes, but think of me," whispered Mr. Howe, and whereas Blanche's whisper was soft and melodious, his was hoarse and broken. "Of course she'll get over it, if nothing happens to put her back; but suppose, when she is recovering, she finds out we're engaged to be married, it 'll kill her, it 'll break her heart, and I shall be her murderer. Great Heaven! Blanche, you see, don't you, that I can't do it? It's the most infernally tormenting thing that ever happened to a man; but I can't marry one sister and kill another. I came here this morning prepared to make a formal proposal for your hand, and let every thing go by the board but our happiness alone; but you know how Lily feels about me, how she risked her life for me—all folly, of course; I could have managed the brute myself, but Lily was beside herself with fright, and didn't know, poor child, what she was doing; and you see—don't you, Blanche?—what a position all this places me in. A man would have to be made of stone to go any farther just now."

"Don't, Mr. Howe—don't say any more," said Blanche, in a voice that sounded queer to herself, it was so strained and harsh. "I should be sorry to have you feel more ridiculous than you will when I tell you that you have made a great mistake all through."

Blanche paused a moment to get her breath. It seemed to her that it almost had left her body for a while there when this man was speaking. Not that she loved him—oh no, Blanche had never particularly loved any body but herself, and her family as accessories to herself. But she was really capable of a vast amount of love in this way; and, oh! how cruelly it had been torn and lacerated and trampled upon!

"A mistake!" he repeated.

"Yes, a mistake," said Blanche; "rather a remarkable one, under the circumstances. A man should never take it prematurely for granted that a woman will accept his offer of marriage. In this case it was impossible. My word is already given to another."

"What!" broke in Mr. Howe; "engaged to somebody else? Oh, that *can't* be. I can't believe that, you know. This is all a subterfuge, Blanche. Who *is* the man? what is his name?"

"I can not understand," said Blanche, coldly, "how the matter can concern you in the least." Then, seeing a look of sharp incredulity in his face, she was stung to desperation, and mentioned the first name that occurred to her. "It is Mr. Brower," she said.

"The man who holds your father's mortgage?" said Mr. Howe.

"Yes," replied Blanche; and then Mr. Howe got upon his feet, and with one piercing look of disdain upon the beautiful woman at his side, bowed low to her, and said with her permission he would go, but would, of course, call again in the course of the day to ask after her sister. Then he took his leave without a glance at the poor pale girl that had caused all this trouble.

As for Blanche, no sooner was he out the door than she fell to crying—bitterly, but under her breath, and without any unladylike demonstrations. Not that she loved him, mind; but she had been goaded beyond endurance, and without this relief of tears, which are woman's safety-valve, she could not have been mistress of herself and her plans.

All at once the poor girl on the lounge struggled back to consciousness, and opening her eyes upon Blanche, was touched beyond measure to find her in tears. It was really an extraordinary thing, and Lily was not to be blamed for taking these tears in pity to herself. She put out her little cold hand and pulled the dress of Blanche, and begged her not to cry.

"Don't cry for me, Blanche," she said. "Don't—please don't spoil your beautiful eyes for me. It matters little whether I die or live; I think I'd so much rather die if I could. It would be so much better for us all. But tell me just one thing, Blanche dear, please—oh! do tell me, is *he* hurt?"

Blanche began to respect Lily. There was a persistency about this passion of hers that appealed to Blanche's idea of power. She had always loved the child, in her own way, as a Purdy and a part of herself, but now she began to respect her.

"He isn't hurt, you dear little goose," said Blanche; "he has just left us, and will come to see you again to-day."

"And was he very much out of patience with my—my absurdity?" said Lily.

"On the contrary," replied Blanche, "it quite touched the heart of his majesty;" and then such a sweet gladness shone in the child's eyes, such a pretty color rushed to her cheeks, her face became so suddenly radiant with an inexplicable warmth of tenderness and emotion, that Blanche found it far from plain. If the couch had been crimson instead of blue, if Lily's hair had been arranged gracefully, if instead of that stiff white collar some soft yellow lace were about her neck, if—if—and here a thought that was almost a revelation seized the fertile fancy of Blanche, and Mrs. Purdy coming in at that moment to take her place by the couch of her daughter, Blanche ran lightly down the stairs to her father, who was walking up and down the dining-room, with his hands behind his back, apparently studying the dingy design in the faded carpet there, but really bent upon more important matters.

When Mr. Howe called again it was at the close of a long miserable day to him, as well as to some other human creatures. His sensibilities had also been torn in their tenderest fibre, and being a man, he had not been able to cry and have it out with himself. He was too superior and punctilious to swear and vent his spite in rage and brutality upon his clerks and dependents, so all this wretchedness had become pent up within him till night-fall, and he told himself, as he moodily went in the familiar direction that politeness dictated, but inclination forbade, that he would have to go on in this way till the end of time. He could not let the world know how cruelly he had been used, and could only be thankful he was saved the ignominy of a direct refusal from this false, scheming, heartless woman, because his conscience would not allow him to ride rough-shod over the heart of the only being, he began to believe, that loved him in the whole wide world—this poor little girl, who had braved every thing for that love: the tattle of these miserable gossips, the obloquy and reproach of her family and friends, and at last her own precious life. His heart melted within him as he thought of it all.

Mr. Purdy met him at the door, and appeared to be very much moved and agitated as he wrung Mr. Howe's hand. A cold chill shook the heart of Mr. Howe. "Great Heaven!" he cried; "she is not—not worse?"

"No, no—I hope not," said Mr. Purdy. "I sincerely hope there is nothing to be apprehended of a serious nature; but, my dear Sir," he pursued, in a low, trembling voice, "sometimes this revulsion of feeling is dangerous—sometimes joy will kill. And this dear child has so long cherished what she has considered a hopeless passion, a sentiment, Sir, that has occasioned unspeakable sorrow to us all, that we have endeavored in vain to curb and repress; and now, Sir, now, when she finds that passion returned, when her life, which has been repressed and shrouded by despair and sadness, is all at once allowed to bloom out in the very fullness of joy— Oh, Mr. Howe, God bless you, Sir, God bless you! But be careful, be very careful; remember, my dear Sir, that joy will—will—sometimes—kill."

Here Mr. Purdy's voice broke. He wiped his eyes with his handkerchief, and as they had reached the end of the corridor, he opened the door softly, let Mr. Howe in, then shut it again, leaving himself out, and Mr. Howe found himself quite alone with Miss Purdy, and *not* the pretty Miss Purdy.

For a moment he stood there quite helpless and forlorn. The rodomontade of her father, whose wordy ways had always been a curse to him, still rumbled in his ears without any intelligible meaning, and the figure on the couch before him confused and bewildered him. It held a singular grace and charm. The light burned low, the fire from the grate seemed to cast a soft crimson glow over every thing—over the warm-colored shawl that was spread about Lily, and the yellow lace at her throat and hands; upon her hair, that fell back over the pillow in a purple mass that almost swept the floor, and some short locks about her face that had taken caressing crinkles he had never noticed before. And her eyes were wonderful. They drew him, in spite of himself, to the couch, and made him bend over her and take her cold little hand in his own. She lifted it to her lips without a word, but her eyes were wonderful. They spoke a whole sweet language of their own. A queer sort of yearning tugged at his heart. He could not tell whether he was most miserable or most happy; but the one thought that was uppermost in his mind was that here alone he could find peace and rest and truth and purity. He sank on his knees by her side, and put his lips to her forehead and whispered, "Only get well, dear, so that I can have you all to myself."

Even in that sweet moment, you see, he hated the idea of the rest of the Purdys. But he soon got over that, and even went to Blanche's marriage, which speedily followed his own, and shook hands cordially with the man that had held his father-in-law's mortgage. He holds it now no longer, of course. He long since handed it over to Blanche, who in her turn gave it to her father. But how in the world, you will ask, did this Mr. Brower become as clay in the hands of this beautiful and ingenious potter, Miss Blanche? That I do not know; but I have said enough about her various charms and capabilities to make it no

matter of astonishment. Besides, people have no room for amazement on any other subject than the one of Mr. Henry Howe's marrying Miss Purdy —*not* the pretty Miss Purdy!

"SCANDAL."

EDUARD KURZBAUER, the artist who produced the original of the lively sketch on page 456, is a representative of the Bavarian school of which Professor KARL PILOTY is the recognized head. He was born at Vienna in 1840, and in his boyhood displayed a considerable predilection for art. His father, Professor KURZBAUER, at that time connected with the Austrian Imperial Polytechnic, consulted in his behalf a celebrated Viennese artist, who advised that the boy should be entered at the lithographic establishment of REIFFENSTEIN & RÖSCH. While a pupil there his tastes led him to aspire after familiarity with a higher branch of art, and his time was mainly spent in devising ways and means to visit the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts. Every evening found him on his way thither, and finally his constant re-appearance at a certain hour attracted the attention of Professor MAYER. This distinguished artist became interested in the young lad who displayed such extraordinary devotion to art, and used his influence in persuading Professor KURZBAUER to provide his son with the necessary opportunities for securing an artistic education.

The event showed that the friends of young KURZBAUER were not wrong in supposing him to be possessed of unusual genius, but with him, as with the majority of youthful artists, the first steps on the road to fame were laborious and dreary. A year's preparation was necessary before he could enter the Imperial Academy as a pupil, but at the end of that period he was received, and the struggle fairly began. In the beginning his works attracted little attention, but this fact, instead of discouraging him, seemed only to nerve him to fresh efforts, the result of which was the production of several *genre* pictures of such indisputable merit that the critics could no longer avoid giving him the desired recognition. Among the most successful of these works, produced during his student days at Vienna, is one called the "Story-teller." This picture alone would have been sufficient to establish KURZBAUER'S claim to the possession of a rare talent for *genre* art. Elated with his success, the artist, who had thus far pursued his studies in his native city, determined to visit Munich, where he might enjoy the art privileges peculiar to that city. Here he enrolled himself among the pupils of PILOTY, and while under the instruction of this celebrated master executed a number of admirable *genre* pictures, among which "The Fugitive Captured" and "The Rejected Lover" were remarkably popular.

Of late KURZBAUER has belonged to that class of artists whose originality entitles them to recognition outside of any school or master whose impress may have been stamped upon their earlier works. This was effectually proved by his picture called the "Wine-press," which evinced a novelty of conception and treatment that at once called attention to the peculiar genius of the artist. His later works, of which "Superfluous Jealousy" is a striking example, also possess the same characteristic. As for "Scandal," the novelty of the treatment is visible at a glance. The unfortunate victim, instead of being the central figure of the group to which all the others are subordinate, is but one among many studies of human expression. The malice of the youth who is telling the shameful story, the keen enjoyment of his comrade, the doubt in the minds of the younger listeners, and the trouble and distress of the old couple are all worked out with the impartiality of an artist whose appreciation of the requirements of a subject will not permit him to slight any detail of a picture. There is about the whole work a completeness and finish, as well as an expression of power, that could only have been produced by a most successful master of *genre* art.

RABBITS.

ONE of the prettiest sights of the country is to be found on the outskirts of a wood any fine evening, particularly if the wood adjoins a grass field or a piece of young wheat. Rabbits are skipping about, feeding, and chasing each other in all directions, but all provided with an instantaneous mode of retreat, either into the forest or into a burrow, should the observer make an incautious movement. If suspicious, the rabbits merely squat and remain motionless; should their surmise of danger prove correct, one stamps loudly, and an immediate stampede results. This curious stamping may often be noted, and attentive observation shows that it forms a kind of universal rabbit language, expressing on occasion love, news of abundant food, satisfaction, danger, watchfulness, a challenge to combat, and so on through all the gamut of a rabbit's intelligence. Each of these states of feeling has its appropriate stamp or stamps, and when the public interest is involved, as when tidings of danger are thus expressed, an almost instantaneous telegraphic communication flashes through the community. Rabbits fight in a very singular manner, with perpetual recourse to what French boxers call the *savate*. Each endeavors to leap over the other in a duel of this kind, and to kick his adversary's head in doing so. These tactics, if most amusing to a spectator, often inflict much pain and injury upon the combatants, as they spring over each other so quickly that the eye can scarcely follow their movements. Another exciting and common scene at harvest-time is to watch the cutting of the last few square yards of a corn field. The reaping-machine drives round and round, momentarily contracting the amount of shelter within, until there is at length a rush of bewildered rabbits among the men, boys, and dogs that beset the patch, on the look-out for the escape of these animals. Loud is the cheering and laughter, and great the agility evinced by portly laborers and sagacious sheep-dogs in pursuing the hapless terrified animals, but a large proportion gets clear off. There is no need to descant on the enormous numbers of rabbits annually exported from Ostend to afford the British artisan a savory dinner at a low price. Regular rabbit farms are maintained on the sand-banks of the Low Country, where the creatures are daily fed with grass and turnips, like so many sheep, until their time comes to be sent over sea to London or Grimsby in large flat hampers. Dealers frequently keep them alive at these ports under sheds until the demand grows brisk. We have seen 200 of them thus kept, and being black, gray, fawn-colored, and the like, they formed a pretty sight. In one year recently no fewer than 150,000 rabbits were sent from Ostend to London weekly during the season. Some 1,500,000 more are annually sold by the licensed game-dealers of England and Wales. Add to these the enormous number of rabbits consumed throughout the country without coming into the dealers' hands, and then, computing their value at the low figure of a shilling each, the most determined farmer's friend must hesitate before he exterminates this pretty race of animals, and deprives rural walks of one of their greatest charms.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE.

Sunday, 9.—Whit-Sunday.
Tuesday, 11.—St. Barnabas.
Sunday, 16.—Trinity-Sunday.
Sunday, 23.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Monday, 24.—St. John the Baptist.
Saturday, 29.—St. Peter.
Sunday, 30.—Second Sunday after Trinity.

THE Baptists of the United States held their anniversaries in May; the Southern in Nashville, on the 9th, and the Northern in Cleveland, on the 27th and following days. The Southern Foreign Board reported receipts for the year amounting to $40,064; the Home Board reported $12,900. At the Northern meetings, Monday, May 27, was given to Sunday-schools; Tuesday, the 28th, to the Publication Board; Wednesday, May 29, to Home Missions; and Thursday, the 30th, to Foreign Missions. Baptist statistics for the United States are not as complete as could be wished; the Year-Book for 1878, however, reports 10 theological schools, 31 colleges, 46 academies, 1048 associations, 23,908 churches, and over 2,000,000 communicants. The benevolent contributions for 1877 were $4,318,888. Nearly all the Baptists in the world are in the United States. In North America there are 2,116,969; in all Europe, 312,857; in Asia, 35,065; in Africa, 1993; in Australasia, 6906. The number of communicants for the entire world is given at 2,472,790. The German Baptist General Conference meets triennially, the last meeting being held September, 1877.

If the Glasgow Presbytery of the United Presbyterian Church, while investigating the soundness of the Rev. FERGUS FERGUSON on the dogmas of sin and atonement, has not itself fallen into sin, it has certainly tolerated in its sessions great breaches of propriety. At one of the meetings a member of the Presbytery seized another, who would not sit down, and pushed him off the platform into the passage. Members rose excitedly to their feet and called for order, but order the Moderator was able neither to furnish nor to preserve. It is curious to note that this outbreak took place at the moment when the Presbytery were discussing "the definition of the penalty of sin."

The "libel," as it is termed, against Mr. FERGUSON, contains six counts. All the counts have been found relevant, and the Presbytery will proceed at once to trial.

The reports made at the anniversaries of the great British charitable societies show for them all a prosperous year. The receipts of the British and Foreign Bible Society were £212,103; the expenditure was £227,805, being £10,475 more than in any previous year. The issues were, from the home dépôt, 1,462,609 copies, and from the dépôts outside of England, 1,490,988, making a total of 2,953,597 copies of Bibles, Testaments, and portions of Scripture. Since the organization of the society the issues have been 82,047,000 copies. As many as 102,012 copies of the Bible or portions of the Bible have been circulated in the field of the Eastern war. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided at the anniversary, this being the twenty-seventh time he has occupied the chair at the annual meetings.

The Church Missionary Society of England reports for the past year receipts amounting to £207,053, as against £175,993 for the year preceding. The general expenditure, including the deficiency, has been £208,346. A gift of £5000 from a clergyman was announced at the annual meeting. This society has missions throughout the East and in the Pacific islands.

The Rev. ARTHUR TOOTH at last accounts was at Singapore. Here he raised a commotion by a sermon preached in the cathedral. Mr. TOOTH, whether in Europe or Asia, is irrepressible.

The Rev. W. D. M'LAGAN, vicar of Kensington, London, has been appointed successor to Dr. SELWYN, the deceased Bishop of Lichfield. The new bishop is an earnest, energetic man, and is credited with the possession of superior administrative talents. As to opinions, he occupies a middle position between the Low and High Churchmen, or, as the *Rock* phrases it, he belongs to the "Low Cum High School," whatever that means. Bishop M'LAGAN was originally a Presbyterian.

The Wesleyan Missionary Society has received during the past year £146,017, and expended £159,079. It has under its supervision 632 stations in foreign lands, 6343 chapels, 878 missionaries, 5905 other paid agents, 143,346 church members, 19,892 on trial for membership, and 216,673 scholars. When the English Wesleyans hold a missionary anniversary, they expect to make a day of it. At their recent meeting they sat long hours in Exeter Hall, the enthusiasm of the occasion rising higher and higher, the last speech closing amidst a tempest of applause.

The Scotch Episcopal bishops have issued a protest against the establishment of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Scotland. They claim that they are the possessors of the sees, and that the coming in of the Catholic bishops is an intrusion.

The American Sunday-school Union held its fifty-fourth anniversary in Philadelphia May 21. The summary of the year's work is as follows: Schools organized, 1147; teachers employed, 5498; scholars attending, 42,309; families visited, 13,241. Since its organization the Union has established 66,067 schools, employing 430,541 teachers, and attended by 2,830,103 scholars. Mention was made in the annual report of the gift of $100,000 by Mrs. JOHN C. GREEN, of New York, the interest of which is to be applied to the purposes of the Union. The Rev. EDWIN W. RICE succeeds the Rev. Dr. RICHARD NEWTON as editor of the Union's periodicals.

The Baptist annual meetings began in England April 25, just one month in advance of the meetings of the Baptists of the United States. The number of communicants in England and Wales was reported to be 270,000, with 1825 pastors, 3381 evangelists, and 370,000 Sunday-school scholars. The Building Fund has a capital of £30,000; loans are made from it without interest to churches in sums of £100 to £150. In the past year as many as 20,000 sittings were provided by the erection of new and the enlargement of old chapels.

A number of the parishioners of Littlehampton, England, being dissatisfied with the ritualistic practices observed in the parish church, have entered the Reformed Episcopal Church, and have erected a house of worship. They have been warned against this step by the Bishop of Chichester, to whose diocese they belong. The bishop in his address says: "It is announced that a bishop of this Reformed Episcopal Church will shortly hold a confirmation in Littlehampton. I am, therefore, constrained solemnly to warn you that any bishop officiating in this diocese without my sanction is an intruder. Whether really a bishop or not, he commits, by thus intruding, an open act of schism, in direct violation of the laws of God and his Church." Bishop GREGG, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, has given notice of a reply to this warning.

To all who are interested in the suppression of the slave-trade in the interior of Africa the intelligence that Colonel GORDON is likely to return to Soudan will be very gratifying. A letter from Alexandria to the London *Times*, dated March 28, says: "Unless England needs his services in war, he will return to his vast equatorial proconsulship, where his power of doing good is unequalled, and he is adored by the people. 'Peace reigns every where in the Soudan,' he said the other day. 'The slave-trade is scotched; I hope to go back to kill it.'"

The Presbytery of New York, which has charge of the churches of the denomination on Manhattan Island, reports, for the year ending May 6, 730 additions to the churches by profession of faith, 631 by certificate; a total of 17,677 members, and 19,444 members of the Sunday-schools. The contributions were, for home missions, $73,127; foreign missions, $69,511; education, $10,442; congregational support, $390,491; and miscellaneous, $196,489. These figures show the strength and resources of Presbyterianism in the great metropolis.

The American and Foreign Christian Union, though shorn of much of its revenue by the changes of late years, still maintains missions among the Germans, Irish, and Bohemians at nine points, chiefly in the West. It also has charge of the American chapel at Paris, which is self-supporting. The income of the society for the last fiscal year was $10,822.

Another of the considerate charities of which New York has so many is the "Grace House," immediately in the rear of the Protestant Episcopal Grace Chapel, in Fourteenth Street. Three brick dwelling-houses have been taken, and converted into a reading-room for the young men of the neighborhood, and a child's nursery. At the nursery poor women going out to work for the day can leave their small children to be cared for. Such of the children as are old enough are taught during school hours, and all are provided with a noon meal. Houses of this kind have been long established in Europe, but are new to our country.

An unprecedented movement toward Christianity has taken place among the natives of India east of Tinnevelly. Sixteen thousand have given their names to the English Bishop CALDWELL, and have asked for instruction. The bishop writes that "village after village is laying aside its heathenism and seeking admission into the fold of Christ." One reason assigned for this change of feeling is gratitude to the English for succors during the famine.

It is not easy to make an exact comparison of the receipts of Roman Catholic and Protestant foreign missionary agencies. But the annals of the "Association for the Propagation of the Faith," which draws its funds from all dioceses of the Church, show a sum total of $1,200,000 collected in 1876. This association has its head-quarters at Lyons, in France. The Leopold Foundation, in Austria, is also a large collector and disburser of mission funds. The total of Protestant contributions for foreign missions may be fairly set down as $6,000,000 each year.

JOHN LEMOINE, the famous Paris editor, thinks that the protest of LEO XIII. against the abolition of the temporal power is only *pro forma*; the Pope must say that much, and says it. On the other hand, the able and dignified London *Tablet* takes the papal declaration most seriously. Its reasoning is: "The destruction of the temporal power tends to make the Pope a subject, and the Supreme Pontiff of universal Christianity can not be a subject." The protest against the taking away of the temporal sovereignty is in these words: "It is neither by a passion for ambition, nor a desire for domination, that we seek this restitution, but solely on account of the duties of our charge, and by the terms of the oath which binds us. In addition we are actuated not only by the consideration that the temporal power is necessary to us in order to defend and protect the full freedom of the spiritual power, but also because it is clearly shown that in the sovereign temporality of the Holy See is involved the public well-being and safety of society. Consequently.... we can not avoid renewing and confirming in these letters all the protestations and declarations that our predecessor, PIUS IX., of holy memory, has on many occasions made and reiterated, as much against the occupation of the temporal power as against the violation of the rights of the Catholic Church."

ROOM AT THE TOP.

NEVER you mind the crowd, lad,
  Or fancy your life won't tell;
The work is the work for a' that
  To him that doeth it well.
Fancy the world a hill, lad;
  Look where the millions stop:
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad;
  There's always room at the top.

Courage and faith and patience,
  There's space in the old world yet;
The better the chance you stand, lad,
  The further along you get.
Keep your eye on the goal, lad,
  Never despair or drop:
Be sure that your path leads upward;
  There's always room at the top.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A JERSEY widower, who had taken another partner, was serenaded on his wedding night. The parties brought a phonograph, in which was preserved some of the objurgations of his first wife, and when they set it going under his window, the happy bridegroom broke out into a cold sweat, and crawled up the chimney on a bridal tour.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN—Learning how to walk in French boots with six-inch heels.

A young lady in Boston is so refined that she invariably refers to a Spitz as a "cuspadore dog."

THE CUCUMBER.

The cucumber graceth the festal board
  Enshrouded in condiments rare,
And the epicure gleefully rubbeth his paunch
  At the sight of the treasures there.
The doctor smileth a sad like smile,
  And giveth a crocodile groan,
And the marble man goeth out the while
  And polisheth up a stone.
The undertaker mournfully asks,
  "What will his measure be?"
And the sexton marketh a spot "reserved,"
  All under the willow-tree.
'Tis hard the times and 'tis scarce the cash,
  And so with a zestful joy
We welcome waft to the fitful fruit
  That giveth the folk employ.

An old Scotch lady had an evening party, where a young man was present who was about to leave for an appointment in China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady said, when he was leaving, "Tak guid care o' yoursel, my man, when ye're awa'; for, mind ye, they eat puppies in Cheena!"

A distinguished Japanese traveller in this country writes home: "The chief branch of education of young men here is rowing. The people have large boat-houses called 'colleges,' and the principal of these are Yale and Harvard."

PROPER WARNING.—A placard in the window of a patent medicine vendor in Paris reads as follows: "The public are requested not to mistake this shop for that of *another* quack just opposite."

A Yankee humorist was giving an account of his experience as a hotel-keeper. "Did you clear any thing by it?" asked a listener. "I cleared a six-rail fence getting away from the sheriff," was the answer.

The student of nature can always find some new link in the chain which connects the lower order of creation with man. Even the whirring of the insects has a suggestion of humanity in it, for doth not the axiom say, "To whir is human?"

"Go out, young man; she is not here," said an up-town preacher last Sunday, in the midst of his sermon, to a youth whom he saw standing hesitatingly in the doorway.

"England, Sir! England rules the seas; Britannia rules the waves," pompously remarked an Englishman to an American. "That's nothing," was the reply; "every Yankee has a notion of his own."

A question up for debate before a lyceum of a neighboring town is: "Iz a bobtale kat az handsome az the egal on the noo dollar?"

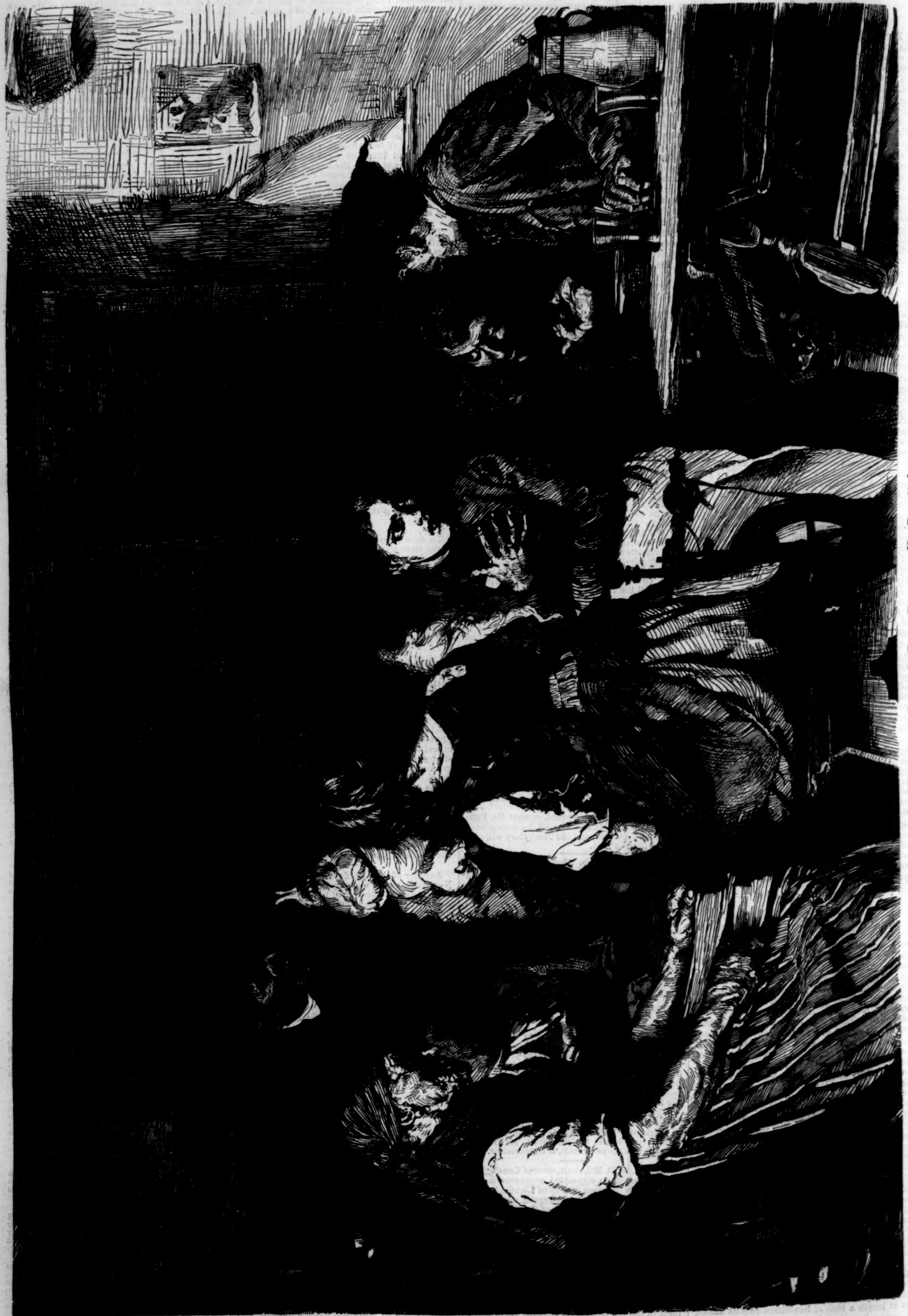
A young man who had recently been admitted to the bar, and to a partnership with his uncle, came into the office one day and proudly announced that he had settled an old matter that had been in litigation for a long time. "Settled it!" exclaimed his uncle—"settled that case? Why, I've supported our family on that for the last ten years!"

An ambitious young man of Monroe County, Illinois, thought it would evince his familiarity with the usages of fashionable society if he were to have his engagement printed in the village paper under the head "Betrothed," but when at the trial of the action for breach of promise the advertisement, marked "Exhibit A," was put in by the plaintiff's attorney, he was sad indeed.

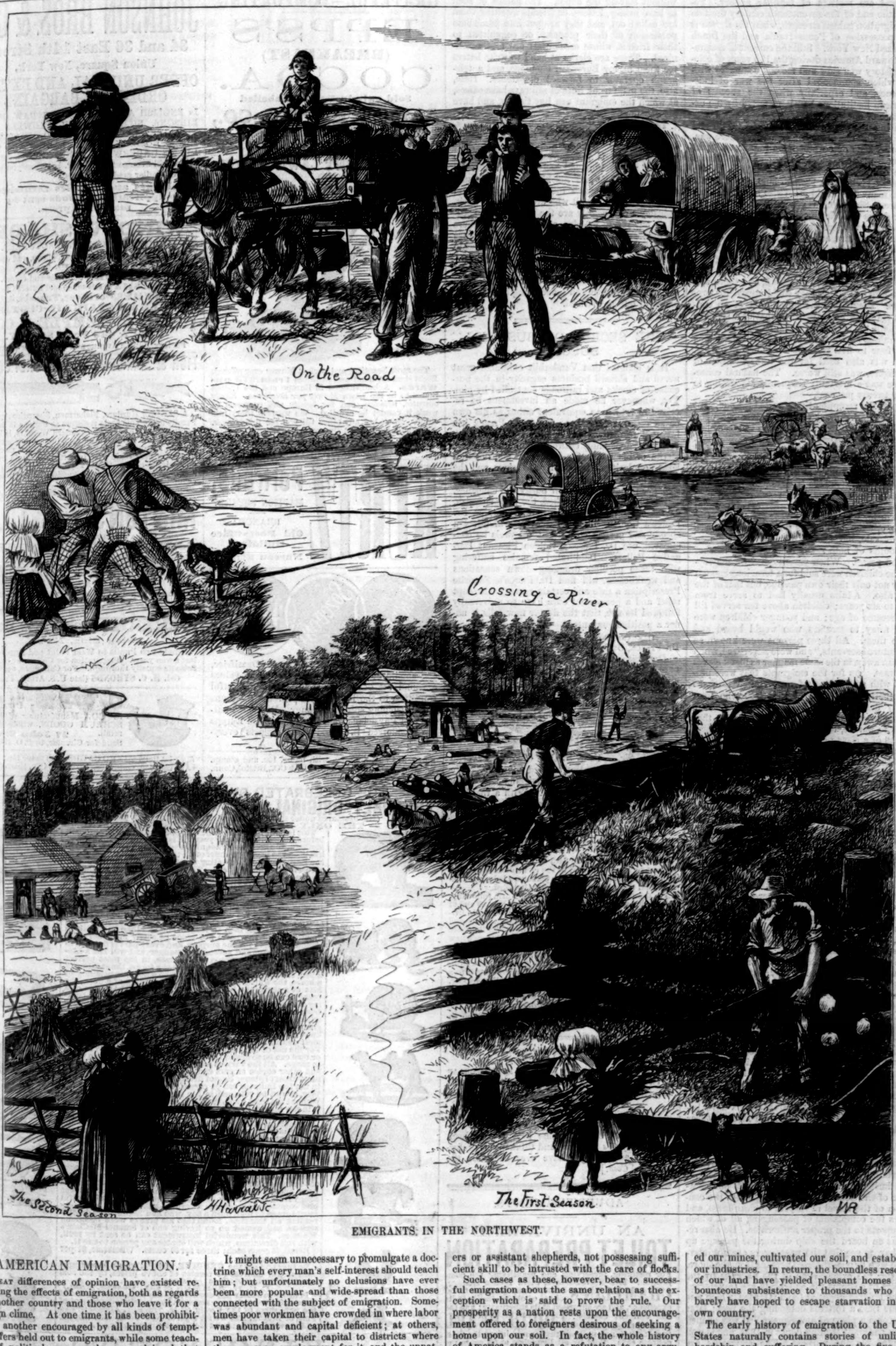
A Syracuse clergyman wanted to compromise with parishioners who volunteered to give him a donation visit, by giving them orders on a restaurant for one hundred stewed oysters.

Mr. B——, did you say, or did you not say, what I said you said? because C—— said you said you never did say what I said you said. Now, if you did say that you did not say what I said you said, then what did you say?

"Suppose," said an Iowa lawyer to a witness he was trying to badger recently—"suppose I should tell you that I could bring a dozen men of your town to this court-room who would say they would not believe you on oath, what would you say?" And calmly the witness made reply: "I would say you lied." A gentle smile diffused itself all over the court-room, and the unruffled witness stepped down.



"SLANDER."—From the Painting by Eduard Kurzbauer.—[See Page 455.]



EMIGRANTS IN THE NORTHWEST.

AMERICAN IMMIGRATION.

Great differences of opinion have existed respecting the effects of emigration, both as regards the mother country and those who leave it for a foreign clime. At one time it has been prohibited, at another encouraged by all kinds of tempting offers held out to emigrants, while some teachers of political economy have proclaimed that there never can be too much emigration. The conclusion to which we are coming in this, as in so many other questions in political economy, is that what is good for the individual members of a community is good for the community collectively: if people can improve their condition by emigration, it is well that they should emigrate; if otherwise, the best plan is to remain at home.

It might seem unnecessary to promulgate a doctrine which every man's self-interest should teach him; but unfortunately no delusions have ever been more popular and wide-spread than those connected with the subject of emigration. Sometimes poor workmen have crowded in where labor was abundant and capital deficient; at others, men have taken their capital to districts where there was no employment for it, and the unnaturally high price of the necessaries of life has quickly absorbed it all. Young gentlemen with nothing but showy accomplishments have gone to the backwoods of America, where they could only prosper by ceaseless felling and clearing; ambitious, discontented artisans have wandered to the wide pastures of Australia, where they could only earn a scanty subsistence as hut-keepers or assistant shepherds, not possessing sufficient skill to be intrusted with the care of flocks.

Such cases as these, however, bear to successful emigration about the same relation as the exception which is said to prove the rule. Our prosperity as a nation rests upon the encouragement offered to foreigners desirous of seeking a home upon our soil. In fact, the whole history of America stands as a refutation to any argument that may be urged against emigration. The very opening of the continent served as an outlet for the overburdened and suffering population of Europe. The enterprise and industry that found no opportunity on the shores of the Old World came hither, and within a short period of time created a prosperous nation. Every part of our country abounds in foreigners. They have opened our mines, cultivated our soil, and established our industries. In return, the boundless resources of our land have yielded pleasant homes and a bounteous subsistence to thousands who could barely have hoped to escape starvation in their own country.

The early history of emigration to the United States naturally contains stories of unlimited hardship and suffering. During the five years between 1585 and 1590 the various attempts of the English to organize practical schemes for the furtherance of emigration to America resulted in the loss of 300 men and £40,000. In 1606 more than 2000 emigrants were sent hither to seek for gold, and in 1609 but sixty remained. The sufferings endured by the early Puritans in their struggle to establish themselves in New

England are matters of familiar history. Toward the end of the seventeenth century the tide of emigration gained strength, when the Germans took possession of Pennsylvania and the Dutch colonized New York. Still the current of emigration toward America during the 170 years of colonial history was slow and tedious compared with that which commenced after the war of independence, and especially when the success of American institutions had been tested by the experience of one generation.

During the latter part of the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth centuries there was, however, little or no protection for the emigrant during his voyage across the sea, and the horrors to be endured on board ship, coupled with the unknown perils of a strange land, probably deterred many who would otherwise have made the venture. Ship-owners generally chartered the lower decks of their vessels to agents, who made temporary arrangements for the accommodation of the passengers, and either underlet the steerage to associations of emigrants, or parcelled it out to sub-agents or to single passengers. These agents crowded the emigrants into vessels without regard to their comfort or health, and there was no authority to which they could appeal for protection. Frequently the lower part of an emigrant ship was no better than that of a slave or cooly ship, the horrors of which baffle description. The ordinary height of the steerage deck was from four to five feet, the lower or orlop deck, which was also used for the transportation of passengers, was still worse. The natural consequence was a mortality frequently amounting to ten or twenty per cent.

Again, the reception that awaited the emigrant upon landing offered little improvement upon any thing he might have to endure at home. At one time there existed a system of selling emigrants that was little better than negro slavery. Most of those who came over here were very poor people, too poor to pay their passage, and to meet the obligations incurred for transportation and support they were regularly sold into temporary servitude to the person who would give the highest price per year for them. Old people, cripples, and others not able-bodied were slow of sale, but healthy parents and children and youths of both sexes found a ready market at good prices. When parents died on the voyage, the children were sold for a term long enough to pay not only their own passage, but that of the dead also. Adults usually had to serve from three to six years; children above ten served till they became of age; and younger children were given away to masters who would board and clothe them. All these persons were known as "indentured servants," and were advertised, when they ran away, in the same manner as black slaves or horses. As for the emigrants that were provided with small sums of money, their fate was little better than that of the class who were wholly destitute. Entirely without friends in this country, and ignorant of what course they ought to pursue, they became in many instances victims of a class of confidence men, who, under pretense of assisting them, generally contrived to rob them of all that they possessed.

It was not until 1819 that the protection of emigrants became the subject of legislation. In March of that year Congress passed a law regulating to a certain extent their treatment on shipboard. For instance, the amount of room that should be allotted to each person was specified, and it became unlawful for a ship to carry more than two passengers for every five tons, custom-house measure. Matters were little improved, however; the hardships of the voyage remained much the same, and the usual diseases—cholera, small-pox, and typhus, or ship-fever—raged among the emigrants as before. Attention had been called to the abuses aboard emigrant ships, and the manner in which emigrants were treated on land, but nearly twenty years elapsed before measures were instituted for their protection. Finally, the Legislature of New York State took the matter in hand, and in May, 1847, an act was passed under which the emigrant landing here received the requisite amount of care and attention.

By this act was created the Board of Commissioners of Emigration, which has since been in successful operation. The duties of this body, every member of which serves without compensation, are to protect alien passengers arriving at New York from fraud and imposition, to care and provide for the helpless among them, to give them trustworthy advice and information, and generally to guard their interests. As soon as an emigrant ship arrives at quarantine, six miles below the city, it is inspected by the Health Officer of the port, and the sick emigrants, if there are any, are transferred by steamer to hospitals under the charge of the Commissioners. The vessel is then taken in charge by another officer, who ascertains the number of passengers, the deaths, if any, during the voyage, and the amount and character of the sickness. He also examines the condition of the vessel in respect to cleanliness, and hears the complaints of passengers, all of which he reports to the proper authorities. He also remains on board the ship during the passage up the bay, to see that the passengers are not interfered with by unauthorized persons from the shore.

After the examination of the baggage by the officers of customs the emigrants are transferred to the landing dépôt at Castle Garden, which was at one time a fortress defending the port; later it became a place of amusement. It was opened as an emigrant landing dépôt in 1855, and is well adapted for the purpose. The emigrants are brought by barge or tug from the vessel in which they arrived, and after examination by a medical officer, are ushered into the rotunda.

Here the name, nationality, former place of residence, and intended destination of each individual are registered, together with other particulars. The newly arrived emigrant also finds facilities for supplying every immediate want without leaving the dépôt. The names of such as have money, letters, or friends awaiting them are called out, and they are put into immediate possession of their property, or committed to their friends, whose credentials are first scrutinized. There are clerks at hand to write letters for them in any European language, and a telegraph operator to forward dispatches. Here, also, the main trunk lines of railways have offices, at which the emigrant can buy tickets, and have his luggage weighed and checked.

Thus under the care of a benevolent commission, at the head of which are men whose names stand high for honesty and philanthropy, the poor emigrant is transported from the native country whose impoverished resources can no longer afford him and his kind a suitable subsistence, to one where there is an ample and abundant living for all who are willing to work. Industry and frugality are the only capital needed on our fertile prairies, or at the South, where the indolent negro, blind to his own good, refuses to support himself now that the impetus of whip and scourge has been removed. The scenes depicted in our drawings on the preceding page are a faithful rendering of the prosperity and success that reward patient and persevering labor on the plains of our great West.

THE SECRET OF BUSINESS SUCCESS.

It is claimed that Vanderbilt exhibited great nerve and shrewd business sagacity in the purchase of stocks and railroads controlled by him. Yet, whenever he made an investment he received in return an equivalent either as his own or as collateral security. Dr. R. V. Pierce has invested many hundred thousand dollars in advertising, depending entirely upon the superior merits of his goods for security. The unparalleled popularity of his family medicines, and the annual increase in their sale, attests in arguments stronger than words of their purity and efficiency. If the blood be impoverished, the liver sluggish, or there be tumors, blotches, and pimples, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will effect a speedy and perfect cure. If the bowels be constipated, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Debilitated females suffering with those peculiar dragging-down sensations and weaknesses, will find Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription a safe and certain remedy. Prompt relief and a permanent cure have so universally followed its use, that the doctor now sells it under a positive guarantee.

OAKLAND, DOUGLAS CO., OREGON, *Jan.* 23, 1877.

Dr. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir,—Your Golden Medical Discovery has cured my daughter of goitre, after many physicians had failed. Inclosed please find $1 50 for a copy of The People's Common-Sense Medical Adviser. With us it takes the place of the family physician. Yours truly,

AARON ALLEN.

MT. VERNON, OHIO, *July* 10, 1876.

Dr. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir,—Four bottles of your Favorite Prescription has entirely cured my wife. We employed three different physicians and many remedies, but found no relief. With a thankful heart, I am, ever your friend,

—[*Com.*] AUGUST WARRING.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

On the morning of the 24th of February last a very serious accident occurred to the elevator of the Grand Hotel, in Paris, whereby three persons, a lady, a gentleman, and the operator, were instantly killed.

On the morning of the 30th day of April, following, the engineer of the Marquand Building, Nos. 59 and 61 Liberty Street, New York, noticing that the main lifting cable of the elevator there was much worn and needed to be replaced, immediately started for the office of the builders, OTIS BROTHERS & CO., to procure a new one. At the same time two passengers—a lady and a gentleman—entered the car, and, with the operator, began the ascent. Before reaching the top the worn cable parted, and the car was instantly brought to a stand by the safety appliances provided for the purpose.

The difference: In the case first mentioned, three funerals followed the breaking of some of the ropes and connections. In the other, the occupants of the car, without even a fright, quietly stepped out of it, and safely pursued their way.—[*Com.*]

FURNITURE.

THE best place to buy furniture is at DEGRAAF & TAYLOR'S, Nos. 47 and 49 West 14th St. See advertisement on last page.—[*Com.*]

FRANK LESLIE, Esq., of the "Illustrated Weekly," says: "For some time past I have been using *Burnett's Cocoaine*, and think it far preferable to any thing I have ever used for the hair."—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

AN UNRIVALLED

TOILET PREPARATION

For restoring, preserving, and beautifying the complexion. Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Clara Louise Kellogg, **CHAMPLIN'S** Lotta, Fanny Davenport, and a host of others, testify to its excellence, and are surprised at its superiority; and the late eminent chemist, Prof. Hadley, certified **LIQUID PEARL** that it contained nothing that would injure the most delicate skin. Sold by all Druggists at 50 cents per bottle. CHAMPLIN & CO., PROP'S, BUFFALO, N. Y.

C. STEHR, Manufacturer of **Meerschaum Pipes & Cigar Holders.** Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. **347 Broome St., N. Y.** Medal awarded at Centennial, 1876.

STUTTERING cured by Bates' Appliances. Send for description to SIMPSON & CO., Box 5076, N. Y.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S (BREAKFAST) COCOA.

Sold only in Packets labelled

JAMES EPPS & CO.,

HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS, LONDON.

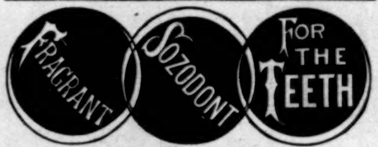
THE PRESIDENT LAWN MOWER.

The most beautiful and perfect Mower ever offered. Eight sizes for hand use, at prices **from $10 upwards.** Acknowledged in Europe and the United States to be the Lawn Mower *par excellence. Easily operated, noiseless,* and for *beauty* and evenness of work it cannot be excelled. We warrant every machine. Don't buy any other till you see this Mower. A splendid assortment always on hand.

CARR & HOBSON,
47 Cliff Street, New York.

KURTZ Portraits, MADISON SQUARE.

BRANCH: **Old Post-Office Building,** Nassau Street.



SOZODONT is a delicate Aromatic Dentifrice, and should be used by every person who values a sound set of teeth. It imparts a delightful fragrance to the Breath, and prevents the gums from becoming soft and spongy. Eminent Dentists and Physicians both in America and Europe have endorsed it. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

65 Mixed Cards, with name, 10c. and stamp. Ag'ts Outfit, 10c. L.C.COE & CO., Bristol, Conn.

JOHNSON BROS. & CO.,
34 and 36 East 14th Street,
Union Square, New York,

OFFER UNUSUAL AND EXTRA-ORDINARY BARGAINS

IN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN STRAW GOODS, RIBBONS, SILKS, FRENCH FLOWERS AND FEATHERS, LACES, DRESS AND CLOAK TRIMMINGS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR, FANCY GOODS, &c. Our prices will average 25 per cent. less than you usually pay for similar grades of goods.

Catalogues and samples furnished on application. Goods sent by mail or express.

WINDOW SHADES.
BUY OF THE MANUFACTURERS.
LACE SHADES, elegant, cheap, and durable.
GOLD BAND SHADES in great variety.
PLAIN SHADES, all kinds and colors.
STORE SHADES made and lettered to order.
FIXTURES, Cornices, Tassels, & Cord.
TABLE and STAIR OIL-CLOTHS, &c.
JAY C. WEMPLE & CO.,
444 & 446 Pearl St., N. Y.
Factory, Fourth Avenue and Baltic Street, Brooklyn.
Correspondence Invited.

FISH & SIMPSON'S NEW POCKET SCALE.

A Scale for Hunters, Fishermen, Sharpshooters, and Family use. This scale registers as high as 15 lbs., and graduated to 2 ounces by Standard Weights, is heavily Nickel-Plated. Only measures 3 inches in length by ⅜ inch in diameter. Pronounced by skilled mechanics to be the best scale ever invented. Sample by mail, postpaid, 75 cents. Trade supplied. Send two 3-cent stamps for our Catalogue of Fishing Tackle, Base Ball, Camping, and Sportsmen's Goods.

FISH & SIMPSON, 132 Nassau St., N. Y.

MINTON'S ART AND ENAMELED TILES
CHINA WORKS, STOKE-UPON-TRENT.
Also, The CAMPBELL BRICK & TILE Co's
Encaustic and Geometrical Floor Tiles, Mosaics, &c.
THOS. ASPINWALL & SON,
604 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
The only representatives in the United States for the above firms.

VIREÜN (School for Boys),
Sing Sing, N. Y.

Ninety-two Pupils to West Point and Annapolis in last seven years. Preparation for College or Scientific Schools equally thorough. For Catalogue, send to **Col. H. C. SYMONDS** (late U. S. Army), Principal.

C. WEIS, Successor to POLLAK & CO., Manufacturer of MEERSCHAUM GOODS, wholesale and retail. **27 John Street.** Send for Circular, to P. O. Box 5009.

50 LARGE MIXED CARDS, with name 13c.; or 40 in case 13c. Outfit 10c. DOWD & CO., Bristol, Conn.

THE CELEBRATED SWISS WARBLER'S BIRD CALL.

THE ONLY ORIGINAL BIRD CALL AND PRAIRIE WHISTLE!

(Manufactured under the Patent Granted to MR. SAMUEL McCLAIN, Feb. 5, 1867.)

THE ONLY GENUINE AND SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT.

This is one of the most amusing and useful articles brought before the public for many years. It is the invention of Samuel McClain, the great ventriloquist, and for the past few months has been the leading wonder of all the novelties introduced in the European world, creating the greatest astonishment and amusement wherever seen. The Bird and Animal Imitator is a little instrument which is entirely concealed in the mouth when in use, it being impossible for the closest observer to discover that the person using it has anything unusual in his mouth at all. It is composed of a double semi-circular metallic ring, beautifully silvered, which encloses and supports the vibratory tissue, or sound producer. Attached to the ring is also the diaphragm or retainer, the whole instrument being only about half an inch in length, and less than an eighth in diameter. All the parts are made of costly machinery, designed expressly for the purpose, and every part is finished in the most perfect and substantial manner, and will last a lifetime. With it any person can imitate, in the most perfect manner, the singing of every bird in the forest, the cackling of a hen, the squeal of a pig, the grunt of a hog, the neighing of a horse, the whistling of a quail, the quacking of a duck, the hiss of a goose, the barking of a dog or fox, the gobble of a turkey, the crowing of a rooster, the hum of a bee, the buzzing of a fly, the singing of a mosquito, etc. It has recently been used with immense success by all the prominent ventriloquists, minstrels and imitators, and has never failed to give perfect satisfaction. In fact, an exact imitation of every known bird and animal can be given, even by a child, in the most astonishing manner, and without teaching or practice. For the use of the hunter they are invaluable, as any animal or bird can be so nearly imitated as to call them at once within range. All the various songs of the mocking-bird, canary, and other choice singers can be given so naturally that the most expert listener cannot detect the difference. When not in use the Imitator can be carried in the pocket without injury, or can be retained in the mouth for hours, if desired, without the least inconvenience, as you can talk as well with it in the mouth as when it is entirely empty. Just imagine the amazement of a company at the sudden singing of a bird, the squealing of a pig, or the mewing of a cat, when it is supposed that none of these are in the vicinity! All the astonishing feats of the most expert ventriloquist can be performed by means of the Whistle by a child ten years of age. We recently saw the utmost astonishment created in a large company assembled in a private parlor, by what appeared to be the terrific barking of a dog in an adjoining room. The room was searched, but no dog could be found. Then suddenly a cat commenced an unearthly squall in a closet which had not been opened for months. Then a child cried out in great agony from the interior of a large bookcase, and a beautiful bird commenced singing in a corner of the room! Astonishment turned to fear, until a boy, who had been sitting quietly reading all this time, found that his pranks were becoming serious, and owned up to having one of Samuel McClain's Whistles. This wonderful instrument can be sent by mail, with full directions, which will enable any person to use it.

Retail, 25 cents each; three for 50 cents. Wholesale, $1 per dozen; $9 per gross.

Be sure and get the GENUINE whistle, which is sent prepaid to any address on receipt of above prices, by the sole agents of Samuel McClain. Address

L. C. H. ASHMUN & CO., Boston, Mass.

In order to satisfy any doubts as to our reliability, we would state that our goods have received the hearty indorsement of the publishers of the *Weekly Globe, Traveller, Statesman and Post*, of Boston, and *Weekly Sun*, of New York. Cut this out and show your friends, as it will not appear again.

KINGSFORD'S OSWEGO STARCH

Is perfectly Pure, Uniform, and Stronger than any other.

IS THE BEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL IN THE WORLD.

Rogers' Statuary.

$10 and upward.

"The Traveling Magician."

Price $15.

Illustrated Catalogues may be had on application, or will be mailed, by enclosing 10 cents to

JOHN ROGERS,
1155 Broadway, New York,
Corner 27th Street.

PATENT PREPARED
GASOLENE

For GAS MACHINES. An absolutely pure article. Gives more Gas per gallon. Every barrel guaranteed. For sale at same price as the ordinary Gasolene. Address the Manufacturers,

CHARLES PRATT & CO.,
128 Pearl St., N. Y.

World's ONLY Manufacturer of
WHEEL CHAIRS

Exclusively. All Styles and Sizes for **Invalids' and Cripples'** Self-propulsion by means of hands only, in and out-doors. Comfort, durability, and ease of movement *unequalled*. Patentee and Maker of the "Rolling Chairs" pushed about at the Centennial. Send stamp for Ill'd Catalogue, and mention *Harper's Weekly*. HERBERT S. SMITH, 32 Platt St., N.Y.

BEWARE of COUNTERFEITS & IMITATIONS!
BOKER'S BITTERS

The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, &c. A fine cordial in itself, if taken pure. It is also most excellent for mixing with other cordials, wines, &c. Comparatively the cheapest Bitters in existence.

L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent,
P. O. Box 1029. **No. 78 John St., N. Y.**

SEE A handsome 5x7 Chromo, and **The Young Folks' World,** an 8 page, 32 column illustrated paper for young folks and home circle, will be sent 3 months, in order to introduce it, for 10c. to pay postage. This appears but once; send *now*. Address
YOUNG FOLKS' WORLD, Box 5341, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED

In every State and County, to sell SCHOLFIELD'S LIGHTNING STITCH RIPPER. Nickel-plated sample by mail, 25c. Address **A. G. SCHOLFIELD, Providence, R. I.**

OPERA GLASSES AT REDUCED PRICES. Microscopes, Telescopes, Spectacles, Thermometers. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
R. & J. BECK, 921 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Imitation Gold Watches
$6, $8, $10, $15, $20 and $25 each. Chains $2 to $12, to match. Jewelry of the same. Sent C. O. D., by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, 335 Broadway, New York. Box 3696

REVOLVER FREE.—Seven-shot Revolver, with box cartridges. Address J. BOWN & SON, 136 & 138 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa.

25 CARDINAL, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, and Bottle Green Cards, with name in gold, 20c. 25 Fancy Cards, plain or gold, 10c. 150 styles. Agent's outfit 10c. Good cards, good work. HULL & CO., Hudson, N. Y.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS
FOR 1878.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, " "	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, " "	4 00
The THREE publications, one year	10 00
Any TWO, one year	7 00
SIX subscriptions, one year	20 00

Terms for large clubs furnished on application.

The Volumes of the *Weekly* and *Bazar* begin with the first Number for January, and the Volumes of the *Magazine* with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be commenced with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

Remittances should be made by **Post-Office Money Order** or **Draft,** to avoid chance of loss.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

AGENTS, READ THIS.

We will pay Agents a salary of $100 00 per month and expenses to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address **SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Michigan.**

$1200 Salary. Salesmen wanted to sell our Staple Goods to dealers. No peddling. Expenses paid. Permanent employment. address S. A. GRANT & CO., 2, 4, 6 & 8 Home St., Cincinnati, O.

PLAYS, Tableaux, Dialogues, Recitations, Colored Fire, Wigs, Moustaches, &c. Catalogues sent free by Happy Hours Company, No. 5 Beekman St., New York.

45 Mixed Cards, Extra Nice, with name and Card Case, 13c. C. G. HAVENS & Co., West Meriden, Ct.

$3 GOLD PLATED WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. *Sample Watch Free to Agents.* Address, A. COULTER & Co., Chicago.

25 FANCY Cards, Snowflake, Damask, Assorted in 25 styles, with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N.Y.

GOLD Any worker can make $12 a day at home. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

SALESMEN WANTED $125 A Month and Expenses selling to DEALERS **CIGARS** SAMPLES FREE. Send 3c. STAMP to insure answer. S. FOSTER & CO., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS WANTED for a new work—The Complete Business Register. Great inducements to intelligent men. H. W. Pamphilon, Publisher, 30 Bond St., N.Y.

25 Fashionable Cards, no two alike, with name, 10c. postpaid. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

HARPER'S NEW LANGUAGE SERIES.

The publishers cordially invite the attention of Teachers and Boards of Education to Prof. SWINTON's course of training in the English language, as now embodied in Harper's "New Language Series." The books of the new series and their relation to the old are herewith presented:

Language Primer. *The "Primer" of the new series is the same as the old "Primer," no modification having been found necessary.*

New Language Lessons. *This is an entirely new book, designed to take the place of the old "Language Lessons." While retaining the vitalizing features of the latter work, the new manual is much more systematic in its development, and presents the subject in thorough text-book form.*

New English Grammar. *This also is an entirely new book, filling the place of the "Progressive Grammar," on which it is a marked improvement.*

New School Composition. *The "New School Composition" is a revision of the "School Composition" in the old series, with many improvements in detail.*

The several books of the series will be furnished at the following prices:

	Mailing Price.	*Introduction.*	*Exchange.*
LANGUAGE PRIMER	35 cents.	22 cents.	18 cents.
NEW LANGUAGE LESSONS	50 "	28 "	22 "
NEW ENGLISH GRAMMAR	70 "	45 "	35 "
NEW SCHOOL COMPOSITION	44 "	28 "	22 "
ENGLISH GRAMMAR and SCHOOL COMPOSITION in one volume	$1 00 "	60 "	45 "

The system of language training embodied in Harper's Language Series is the greatest success in the history of educational literature. It has made a complete revolution in the study of the English language in our common schools.

From A. PARISH, *Superintendent of Public Schools, New Haven, Conn.*

After using Swinton's Language Primer and Language Lessons a year in our graded schools, I desire to say that the results have far exceeded our most sanguine expectations. The Primer is especially adapted to the lower grades, and children rapidly learn the construction of sentences, so that they are enabled far more easily to comprehend the application of grammatical rules when they reach the advanced stage of the study. Teachers find the lessons easy to teach, and the children are greatly interested in the exercises. I have never seen a work so well adapted to teach language lessons.

From R. M. HUSE, *Principal of St. Paul's School, Garden City, L. I.*

Swinton's New English Grammar is giving perfect satisfaction.

From BENJ. W. TICE, *Principal of Public School, Southport, N. Y.*

I like Swinton's New Language Lessons for its simplicity and natural arrangement. I have used it with good results.

From LUCY W. HERRICK, *Principal of Private School, Geneva, N. Y.*

I am delighted with the Language Primer.

From R. P. ORR, *Principal of School, Canajoharie, N. Y.*

Am very much pleased with Swinton's New School Composition.

From WM. J. MILNE, *Principal of State Normal School, Geneseo, N. Y.*

I regard Swinton's Language Series as decidedly the best with which I have any acquaintance.

From G. W. HOSS, LL.D., *Professor of English Literature, State University, Bloomington, Ind.*

I have examined Swinton's New English Grammar with some care and much interest. To state its qualities in general, I am persuaded that it is a long step in the direction of simplifying the grammar of our language. The simplifying consists in several things: in clearness and brevity of definition; in pruning or discarding old forms; and in "Topical Analysis." By means of this last, twenty pages are boiled down to one.

His discussions are, with rare exceptions, clear, discriminating, and just. To instance a single example, the division of Etymology into "Grammatical" and "Historical" is happy and just. This book cannot, in my judgment, fail to facilitate the work of learning the grammar of the English language.

From J. H. GROVES, *State Superintendent of Free Schools, Smyrna, Del.*

The State Board has placed upon our list of text-books Swinton's New English Grammar. I am more than pleased with the book.

From D. MATT THOMPSON, *Principal of Rock Spring Seminary, Denver, N. C.*

The longer we use Swinton's Language Primer, Lessons, and Composition, the better we like them.

From BENJAMIN EDSON, *Principal of Public School No. 14, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Your New Language Lessons is just what we want. It is the first book of the kind I have had the privilege of examining that is simple, and at the same time sensible and practical.

From J. GREENLEAF, *Acting School Visitor, New Canaan, Conn.*

Swinton's New Language Lessons is admirable, and I like the entire series better than any other I have seen.

From ELLIS A. APGAR, *State Superintendent of Public Schools, Trenton, N. J.*

I have examined Harper's New Language Series, and in my judgment no better books are published for teaching children the art of speaking and writing the English language.

From A. S. PALMER, *Superintendent of Schools, Dixon County, Neb.*

I have carefully examined Swinton's New English Grammar and New Language Lessons, and without hesitation I pronounce them the best books of the kind I have ever seen. I would like to see these books in use in every school in this county.

☞ The publishers continue to furnish the "Language Lessons," "Progressive Grammar," and "School Composition" of the old series.

A catalogue and descriptive circulars of our school and college text-books will be mailed free to any teacher or school-officer on application. Correspondence regarding books for examination, terms of introduction, etc., is solicited.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

HOLLY'S MODERN DWELLINGS. Modern Dwellings in Town and Country, adapted to American Wants and Climate. In a Series of One Hundred Original Designs, comprising Cottages, Villas, and Mansions. With a Treatise on Furniture and Decoration. By H. HUDSON HOLLY. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.

II.

LIDDELL & SCOTT'S GREEK-ENGLISH LEXICON. Compiled by HENRY GEORGE LIDDELL, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, and ROBERT SCOTT, D.D., Dean of Rochester, late Master of Balliol College. Sixth Edition, Revised and Augmented. 4to, Sheep, $11 00. Abridged Edition, Small 4to, Half Leather, $2 35.

III.

THE YOUTH'S HEALTH-BOOK. By the Author of the Bazar Books of "Health," of "Decorum," and of "The Household." 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Flexible Cloth, 40 cents.

IV.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "CHALLENGER." *The Atlantic:* an Account of the General Results of the Voyage during the year 1873 and and the early part of the year 1876. By Sir C. WYVILLE THOMSON, F.R.S. With a Portrait of the Author engraved by C. H. Jeens, many Colored Maps, Temperature Charts, and Illustrations engraved by J. D. Cooper, from Drawings by J. J. Wyld. Published by Authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $12 00.

V.

THE HISTORY OF A CRIME. The History of a Crime: the Testimony of an Eye-Witness. By VICTOR HUGO, Author of "The Toilers of the Sea," "Ninety-Three," &c. Illustrated. Parts I. and II., 8vo, Paper, 25 cents each.

VI.

HILL'S RHETORIC. The Principles of Rhetoric, and their Application. By ADAMS S. HILL, Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard College. With an Appendix comprising General Rules for Punctuation. 12mo, Half Leather, $1 17.

VII.

DE MILLE'S RHETORIC. The Elements of Rhetoric. By JAMES DE MILLE, M.A. 12mo, Cloth, $1 40.

VIII.

THE SCHOOL AND THE FAMILY. The Ethics of School Relations. By JOHN KENNEDY, Instructor in Teachers' Institutes. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

IX.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M.A., Author of "A Short History of the English People," "Stray Studies from England and Italy." In Five Volumes. Volumes I. and II., bringing the history to the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign, are now ready. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50 each.

X.

STORIES FROM HOMER. By the Rev. ALFRED J. CHURCH, Head Master of King Edward's School, Retford, England. With 24 Colored Illustrations from Flaxman's Designs. 16mo, Cloth, $1 25.

XI.

A PRIMER OF ENGLISH LITERATURE: Romance Period. By EUGENE LAWRENCE. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents. Uniform with *Lawrence's Primers of Greek, Latin, and Mediæval Literature.*

XII.

HARPER'S GUIDE TO EUROPE AND THE EAST. Harper's Hand-Book for Travellers in Europe and the East: being a guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. With Maps and Plans of Cities. Seventeenth Year (1878). In three Volumes. 12mo, Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $3 00 per Volume.

VOL. I.—Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland.

VOL. II.—Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece.

VOL. III.—Switzerland, Tyrol, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Spain.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

*** *These Novels are in Paper Covers, except where otherwise specified.*

Esther Pennefather. By ALICE PERRY. 75 cents.

Justine's Lovers. 60 cents.

Is He Popenjoy? By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 15 cents.

Reaping the Whirlwind. By MARY CECIL HAY. 20 cts.

Deceivers Ever. By Mrs. H. LOVETT CAMERON. 30 cts.

Less Black than We're Painted. By JAMES PAYN. 35 cents.

Georgie's Wooer. By Mrs. LEITH-ADAMS. 20 cents.

A Sussex Idyl. By CLEMENTINA BLACK. 25 cents.

Seven Years and Mair. By ANNA T. SADLIER. 20 cts.

By Proxy. By JAMES PAYN. 35 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail (excepting the larger works, whose weight excludes them from the mail), postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED. *Circular free.* S. C. UPHAM, Philada.

40 CARDS, no 2 alike, with name and an elegant Card Case, 13c. H. M. COOK & Co., Meriden, Ct.

U. S. STAMMERING INSTITUTE, Dr. WHITE, 417 4th Ave. No pay until cured. Send for circular.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

$2500 a year. Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free Address J. WORTH & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. TAYLOR BROS. & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

"SHOOTING NIAGARA."
The invasion of Great Britain by the way of Canada.

OUR PLUMBERS.

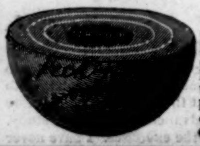
JAMES W. BELL,
ARTIST TAILOR,
172 FIFTH AVENUE, New York.

ARCHERY
AND
LAWN TENNIS.
Send stamp for Illustrated Catalogue.
E. I. HORSMAN, Importer,
80 & 82 William Street, New York City.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.
☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

THE "WHITSON" REFRIGERATOR.
Great saving of ICE, intense COLD, dry atmosphere.
JACOB LORILLARD, Mfr.,
826 Broadway, cor. 12th St., New York.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

SPORTING GOODS.



The largest stock in the world. We will issue on or about April 1st the most complete Catalogue of these goods ever published. 192 pages, 660 illustrations. By mail, post-paid, 15c. Address PECK & SNYDER, Manufacturers, 124 Nassau St., N. Y.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. Trade Mark. Patented.

Three Warnings.—A Sick Stomach—an Aching Head—and considerable General Debility, are three warnings which it is madness to disregard. Dangerous diseases may be expected to follow them if not arrested without delay. Tone the relaxed stomach, calm the excited brain, invigorate the nervous system, and regulate the bowels, with

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT,

If you wish to escape the evils which the premonitory symptoms indicate. How many consuming fevers, violent bilious attacks, nervous paroxysms, and other terrible ailments might be prevented if this agreeable and incomparable SALINE TONIC and ALTERATIVE were always taken in time! Sold by all druggists.

$1. Send One Dollar for the Pocket Edition of
Webster's Dictionary.
Contains 18,000 Words, Rules of Spelling, Tables of Money, Weights and Measures, Abbreviations, Words, Phrases, Proverbs, &c., from the Greek, the Latin, and the Modern Languages. Morocco Tucks, Gilt Edges. By mail, when not otherwise obtainable, on receipt of $1.00. For sale by dealers generally.
IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR, & CO.,
PUBLISHERS WEBSTER'S SCHOOL DICTIONARIES,
138 and 140 Grand St., New York.

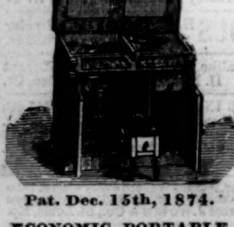
WARNER BROS' CORSETS

Are justly celebrated for their superior style and workmanship. Their
HEALTH CORSET,
With Skirt Supporters and self-adjusting pads, has a world-wide reputation. Price, $1.50. Their **Nursing Corset** is the delight of every mother. Price, $1.75. Their new
Flexible Hip Corset,
(120 bones), is warranted not to break down over the hips. Price, $1.25.
For sale by leading merchants. Samples sent by mail on receipt of price.
Warner Bros, 351 Broadway, N. Y.

YOUR BABY
Would find great comfort and delight in one of our **Excelsior Sleeping Coaches!** Best **Baby Carriage** made! Before buying any other, please write us for description, special terms, &c.
ERIE CHAIR CO., Erie, Pa.

TABLEWARE
AND
HOUSEFURNISHING
COMPLETE.
French China and Limoge Combination Breakfast, Dinner, and Tea Sets, from $14 00; Chamber Sets, from $3 45; Fine Engraved Goblets, $1 25 doz.; Ivory Handled Table Knives, from $6 00 doz. Cooking Utensils, Silver-plated Ware, everything for your House and Table equally low. *Refrigerators at greatly reduced prices.* Goods carefully boxed and shipped to all parts daily. 50-page Price-List and refrigerator lists free by Mail.
E. D. BASSFORD,
1, 2, 3, 12, 13, 15, 16, and 17
Cooper Institute, New York City.

ASBESTOS
TRADE MARK
Liquid Paints, Roofing, Steam Pipe and Boiler Coverings, Steam Packing, Sheathing, Fire, Acid, and Water-proof Coatings, Cements, &c. Send for Samples, Illustrated Catalogues, Price-Lists, &c.
H. W. JOHNS M'F'G CO.,
87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.



Pat. Dec. 15th, 1874.
ECONOMIC PORTABLE WASHSTAND.

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,
Nos. 47 and 49 West 14th St.,
Manufacturers of Queen Anne and Eastlake Parlor, Library, Dining-Room, Office, and Chamber Furniture, Pier and Mantel Glasses, Cornices, Bedding, &c. We also have the exclusive right of N. Y. State to manufacture the Centennial Parlor Cabinet Bedstead, the Best, Cheapest, and Most Useful Piece of Furniture manufactured.
Nos. 47 and 49 West 14th St.,
NEAR 6TH AVENUE.

WALTHAM WATCHES.
We beg to announce that we have recently entirely remodelled the very popular grades of full-plate movements known by the marks "Wm. Ellery," "Appleton, Tracy, & Co.," "Waltham Watch Co.," "P. S. Bartlett," and "Broadway," giving to them not only a highly improved appearance, but great additional value. We embody in them such of the best results of our experience and study for twenty years as can be useful in this popular form of watch. We give these new model watches special recommendation to all who look for good performance and solid excellence at moderate cost. The alterations have been made with the view of pleasing practical watchmakers, as well as watch wearers.
No watches retailed by the Company. Apply to your local jeweller.
For AMERICAN WATCH CO.,
ROBBINS & APPLETON,
General Agents,
NEW YORK.

ANTI-FAT
The GREAT REMEDY for
CORPULENCE.
ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT
is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. It acts upon the food in the stomach, preventing its being converted into fat. Taken in accordance with directions, **it will reduce a fat person from two to five pounds per week.**
"Corpulence is not only a disease itself, but the harbinger of others." So wrote Hippocrates two thousand years ago, and what was true then is none the less so to-day.
Sold by druggists, or sent, by express, upon receipt of $1.50. Quarter-dozen $4.00. Address,
BOTANIC MEDICINE CO.,
Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

No Litter, No Trouble, No Dirt.
ALLAN'S FLY BRICK,
The Little Giant Fly-Killer.
10 cents' worth will kill more flies than 10 dollars' worth of fly paper. *One Brick will last a whole season. Kills all the flies in a room in two hours. It is neat, clean, convenient, and cheap.* Housekeepers will appreciate this article, as you do not have to raise a dust to kill your flies. Price 10 cents. **Sold by all Live Druggists everywhere.**

MARK TWAIN'S SCRAP-BOOK.

NO PASTE OR MUCILAGE NEEDED.
The pages are prepared to receive *Newspaper Cuttings, Pictures, Prescriptions, Patterns, Coupons, Invoices, &c.* The lines serve as guides for placing the scraps, slightly moisten them as needed. Stands the Test of Climate. Prices 40c. to $5 each. For sale by Booksellers & Stationers. Get Descriptive Circular.
Books of 2 or 3 Columns for Newspaper Clippings.
THE OLD METHOD ANNOYANCES AVOIDED.
SLOTE, WOODMAN & CO., New York.

THE WORLD'S STANDARD.

SCALES.
ALSO,
OSCILLATING PUMP COMPANY'S PUMPS,
PATENT ALARM MONEY-DRAWERS,
THE IMPROVED TYPE-WRITER,
COFFEE MILLS, SPICE MILLS, AND
STORE FIXTURES GENERALLY.

PRINCIPAL WAREHOUSES:

FAIRBANKS & CO. .... New York. Baltimore, Md. New Orleans. Buffalo, N. Y. Albany, N. Y. Montreal. London, Eng.
FAIRBANKS, BROWN, & CO. Boston, Mass.
FAIRBANKS & EWING...... Philadelphia, Penn.
FAIRBANKS, MORSE, & CO.. Chicago, Ill. Cincinnati, Ohio. Cleveland, Ohio. Pittsburg, Penn. Louisville, Ky.
FAIRBANKS & CO. .... St. Louis, Mo.
FAIRBANKS & HUTCHINSON.. San Francisco, Cal.

MANUFACTURERS,
E. & T. FAIRBANKS & CO.,
ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

THE BIRD lights upon the perches, which keeps the wheel moving. It is healthy and a delight to the Bird. The most charming novelty of the age. Sold by House-furnishing Hardware, Drug, and Crockery Stores throughout the U. S. Send for Circular. MANUF'D ONLY BY
JOHN C. JEWETT & SONS,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO'S
ORGANS.
The oldest, largest, and most perfect manufactory in the U. S.
OVER 58,000 NOW IN USE.
Two New Styles Just Out.
Send for Price-Lists.
Address BUFFALO, N. Y.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER! THE EXCELSIOR $3 Press Prints labels, cards etc. (Self-inker $5) 9 Larger sizes For business, pleasure, young or old Catalogue of Presses, Type, Etc., for 2 stamps. KELSEY & Co. Meriden, Conn

CHINESE AND JAPANESE DEPOT.
H. C. PARKE, 186 Front St.,
Between Fulton St. and Burling Slip, N. Y. *Rich Porcelains, Bronzes, Enamels, and Screens.*

CROSSING THE RIVER.

By THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

MURMURS the soldier in dying,
As the death-pang the tired spirit frees,
"Let us all cross over the river,
And rest in the shade of the trees."

Ah! could we cross o'er that river,
And rest in the shadows, and then,
Refreshed by repose and grown stronger,
Come back to our struggle again!

Over that free-flowing river,
Beyond where its dark waters roar,
Are the trees of the balsam or upas,
That grow on its farthermost shore?

What is the destiny waiting
Thither side of that shadowy deep—
Sweet ease and repose for the spirit,
Or the gloom of eternal sleep?

None who have passed that river,
And rested beneath the trees,
Have ever come back to tell us
If the shadows brought slumber or ease.

Nevertheless, forever
Across the deep river they go,
The basest and best together—
Together the high and the low.

There in their rags go the beggars,
And there in their robes go the rich;
The few who expire in the palace,
And the many who die in the ditch;

Those who have graven their story
High in the temple of Fame,
And those who have lived without glory,
And left us not even a name;

Those whom we loved for their goodness,
And those whom we hated for crime,
All passing from life's dreary struggle,
Out of light, out of mind, out of time;

Plunging in mist and in darkness,
Where doubting with terror agrees,
They cross the mysterious river,
And seek for the shade of the trees.

"JUST SO."

I HATED Aunt Margery's parrot. Its screaming, croaking voice, its gurgling asides crooned as it sat on its perch, stirred up something in me evil and vindictive. Perhaps I had no natural inclination to pets. Often when I had been overwearied at the old home farm-house, the sight of mother's hens scratch-scratching for a living had irritated me with a sense of overwork. But they at least came honestly by their living. I respected them; but this pampered, overfed thing made my flesh crawl as it clung ogling to its perch, or dropped lazily down to pick up a bit of cracker, nibbling thereat with an uncanny chatter. No; I did not like pets. Aunt Margery did. This ugly foreign favorite had absorbed all her affections, I thought to myself bitterly, as I watched it that morning. She caressed the creature; she spoke to it endearingly; but for her own kith and kin she had nothing but everlasting fault-finding and ceaseless exactions.

A few tears dropped down upon my hands as I sat there. The parrot, blinking down upon me, drew up one skinny claw, scratched its emerald head, and screamed, "Just so!"—a pet phrase which served it to express the most subtle meanings, apparently, and with which it seemed to jeer at my emotion.

This was the third morning I had waited for news of Dick—poor Dick, light-hearted, high-spirited Dick!—who had taken up his cap and left after his last word-battle with Aunt Margery. This blow had taken the sunshine too utterly out of my life, and there, as I sat at the window, I mentally shook my fist at this gibbering thing, so sheltered and favored while he was adrift—where? What would become of Dick? oh, what would become of Dick? The lad had always had some business in the city that sat lightly upon him, coming and going at his leisure; but now for three whole days his face had not lightened the gloomy house. The longing to know of his welfare, the yearning to see him, had grown intense and intolerable. And now, rendered irritable and distraught by my anxiety, I had quarrelled with Aunt Margery myself—I to whom her invalid state had hitherto excused so much, who had been her patient nurse so long, and the acknowledged peace-maker between herself and the outspoken, impolite Dick. I had fallen from my high estate; I was an outcast from favor—not worth so much in Aunt Margery's eyes as this leering old parrot.

Well, I need sacrifice myself no longer. I was free to go away. Oh, how useless, how mean and degrading, seemed all that I had submitted to and suffered! It could benefit Dick no more, and, in his absence, dropped its splendid apparel of self-sacrifice, and revealed itself a beggarly and sordid tameness of spirit.

Outside of this narrow groove where I had grubbed and vegetated there was a thrilling, splendid reality of existence. A sort of winged feeling took possession of me as I contemplated the possibilities of the future. The parrot put up his elfin claw, blinked at me from the corner of his eye, and cried, "Just so!" as he flopped back into his open cage. From the window where that cage hung I could see the glowing gardens and pleasant lawns stretching below, and in the wistful hazy distance the city seemed to shadow through—the bright busy city, where every one was astir and at work. Dick was there too somewhere. Dick did "business" easily and irresponsibly as a bird. Why should not I do business? I began to take account of stock—to make a mental estimate of myself. It is surprising, in this commercial valuation of one's self, how percentages shrink. A little hazy knowledge of history, a little nebulous acquaintance with general literature, a light touch upon the piano—all these things look painfully threadbare on examination, like stage properties seen by daylight. I could not settle upon any specialty in which I was pre-eminent. I must leave my future to fate, and I did so with the delightful insouciance of youth.

So the early dawn found me at the garden gate, face to face with the kindling morning, the garden quiet and odors. Face to face, also, with old black Cæsar, the superannuated gardener, who ornamented his profession in a red cap and slippers. His gray old monkey face, with its scant fringe of grizzly hair, was never an unwelcome sight to me before. However, old Cæsar knew all our troubles. He had been my childish confidant, as well as Dick's, as far back as I could remember. I stepped on boldly.

"Berry early, miss," said the old man, doubtless thinking I had come, as often before, to help or hinder him in the garden. But his eye caught sight of my sachel; his countenance fell. "Going away, miss?" he cried.

"Yes, Cæsar, I'm off."

"Far, miss?"

"Don't know, Cæsar, how far. It seems I don't belong here, anyway."

"Sho, miss, don't ee mind things. Old Cæsar 'll stan' up for you. Don't ee mind 'em."

"I can't help it, Cæsar."

"Bless yer soul, miss! Why, miss, we haves a heap o' trouble all on us, an' dar's no telling whar dey comes from, big an' little. Why, miss—scuse me, miss—I's had dat trouble 'fore now wid my little toe, 'long o' squeezing on a pair o' Sunday shoes, seemed zif I couldn't stan' it nohow. 'Peared like dat little toe didn't belong dar, nohow; was clar in de way ob de odder members, an' had orter be lopped right off. But, lor, miss, when I takes off dem Sunday shoes arter meetin', I find done sure dat little toe *did* belong dar—just dar an' nowhar else—an' all it wanted was a little more room. See, miss?"

"I see, Cæsar. But good-by now, or I sha'n't catch the train;" and with an affectation of carelessness I hurried on.

The garden smells and the sweet new morning all about me seemed luring me to stay; but on I walked steadily, till, looking back at the turning of the road, I saw old Cæsar standing under the poplars waving his red cap to me. He too, it seemed, acquiesced in the destiny that was sending me adrift. I felt a sort of sinking at the heart not quite in accordance with my enterprise as the winding road shut him from view. But the bustle about the dépôt, and all the sights and sounds of travel, speedily dispelled my grief, and once in the cars, my spirits rose to the occasion. Oh, I would do something, be something, yet! and I nibbled a bit of cake, by way of breakfast, carefree and happy and confident.

The city was quite inspiring as I entered it—so delightfully active and bustling that it took my breath like a draught of effervescing Champagne. People were coming and going purposeful and businessful; every body seemed to have his eye on some goal ahead to be reached in a given time. I only walked leisurely along, enjoying the scene, and wondering to myself if I should know Dick should I meet him in this whirlpool, or would he know me.

All these faces were strangers' faces. Of all these people not one had any interest for me. The gay scene dimmed for a moment, and for a moment I felt the chill of isolation, as the crowd swept by. I wondered was Dick as lonely, as wistful, as I. The question was answered by a sudden heart thrill, for there, lusty and ruddy, stood Dick before me.

I fear I clasped his hand with unnecessary fervor as I said, "Oh, Dick, where *did* you come from?"

"Where did *you* come from?" responded Dick, sharply.

"I— Well, Richard, I can't stand Aunt Margery any longer—I *can't!* no, and I've left, Richard."

"Left!" echoed Dick, thrusting his hat back from his forehead, and plunging his two hands deep down in his trousers pockets. There was none of that cheery jingle of small change in them with which Dick was wont to playfully salute my ears. This silence was ominous. "Where to go to?" added Dick, after a long, portentous pause.

"Going to look for business."

"Ah!"

"Dick, how you talk! Put your hat on straight, and walk along. Every body's looking at us."

"My dear," says Dick, facetiously, and laughing now and showing his white teeth, "that remark of mine to which you take exception was prompted by the fact that I'm out of a job myself. Suppose I was in quarrelsome mood after leaving the old lady's, for when Lawyer Gudge set upon me about neglecting the correspondence, copying, and the like slavish business, I turned upon the old brute, and we had a blow-up. I'm out on the world, dear, with a capital of twenty-five cents to begin on."

For two homeless waifs that sum was not extensive. I took my purse out of my pocket, never a heavy one at any time; but now—O fate! O evil, careless fate!—a hole revealed itself in the silken tissue, through which had slipped noiselessly a nursling of a gold piece which I had cherished there, wrapped in a bit of paper, for a whole twelvemonth.

I looked in my friend's face blankly. I was no princess, it seemed, coming to his rescue with golden gifts, but an added weight about his neck.

"Dick," I faltered, meekly, "I'm intending to work for a living."

"Of course," was the answer. "Might I inquire what at?"

"You know I can do 'most any thing, Dick."

"Jenny, child," said my companion, looking down upon me benignantly, and stopping short in his walk (Dick always awed me when he assumed this elder-brother aspect)—"Jenny, child, it's a hard-driven sort of a world you've put your tiny self into—a place where it's a very hard matter to get a footing, and where, if your foot slips, you're sure to be carried out into deep water." Dick's face darkened as he looked at the tide of people. "Whatever's a fellow to do?" Winding up his discourse thus abruptly, my friend pulled his felt hat down over his eyes, and glowered from under it like a highwayman.

I listened to this talk of Dick's, humiliated and ill at ease. Was I, then, a mere aimless waif—a mere bit of drift-wood afloat in this human torrent? Even Aunt Margery's chafing and chiding were better than this nothingness. I began to feel very weary. A remembrance of my quiet room and of the blossoming apple bough that hung over the window came to me vision-like.

We stood before the window of a picture shop where a copy of some Raphael Madonna smiled down upon us benignantly. Her feet were on the clouds, stars encircled her head; far away were the manger and the misery, yet perhaps she remembered them still. Regal in her azure robe, she floated above this sordid whirl, crowned and triumphant after toil and travail. A few tears crept to my eyes as I looked. I wiped them swiftly away lest Dick should see them; but he had already forgotten his surliness, absorbed in contemplation of some gorgeous chromos. A something like motherly pity filled my heart as I contemplated his bright face, so careless and unfurrowed in the midst of his troubles, and a suggestion came to me then, perhaps from the beneficent Mother beaming down upon us.

"Dick," said I, abruptly, "I'm going back."

"All right, little one," patting me patronizingly on the shoulder: "the very best thing you can do."

"Not to stay, Dick," said I, vexed at the alacrity with which he accepted the proposition. "No; I've an idea in my head."

"Look so," responded Dick, sententiously.

"Dick, listen to me"—authoritatively. "I shall sleep at Nurse Catterby's to-night, and if you meet me there, I'll have something to help you."

"My darling!" cried Dick; but I repelled this later exhibition of affection.

"Put me in the cars, my friend; I'm hungry, you know, and tired to death, you know, but there's no time to lose."

In my feminine fertility of resource I felt myself infinitely superior to this helpless, good-hearted lump of a Dick, and I nodded my head to him gayly at parting, without thought of failure.

And this was the suggestion which came to me under the smile of the Madonna. In my room at Aunt Margery's there hung a grand old-fashioned time-keeper with a gold coin attached to its heavy chain, and a big seal wherein glowed a ruby. Secretly I regarded this as my own, for it had once been my mother's, an heir-loom of the family, the source of endless disputes, as I had heard, between the grasping elder sister and the younger. My mother was of a high spirit, and finally, in a fit of utter weariness and vexation, flung the watch, with all its glittering appendages, at her sister's feet. Aunt Margery had never returned it—that was not her way—but it had never been wound up since that day (so old Cæsar said), and long after my mother's death it hung silent and shining in the room devoted to my use—perhaps a superstitious offering to the vexed spirit of the departed. I had determined to go back without being seen, if possible, and get this watch, appropriating it, as I felt sure my mother would approve, to aid myself and my friend in our sore need.

The ride seemed a long one; the road wound about in a manner I had never observed before, with a persistent dodging of the end, that gave me ample time for revolving ways and means for carrying out my scheme, till finally the moon shone out on the last evolution; and leaving the cars I trudged on afoot until the sentinel poplars guarding Aunt Margery's gate with their long black shadows came in view.

It was with a beating heart, notwithstanding my bravery, that I took the key of the side door from my pocket, and entered the familiar domicile at night-fall like a shadow.

It was easy enough to obtain access to the inner part of the house from here, for most of the doors were carelessly latched, and I was not likely to meet any servant at this time in the evening. I remembered a certain wide window-sill in the hall, groping toward which I sat down to rest myself, with a curiously scared and hunted feeling, which had not entered into my calculations when I planned this audacious expedition. Then, removing my shoes, I slipped softly through the long, deserted passageway to my own room. The door opened with a treacherous creak that seemed bent to betray me. It appeared an age before I was fairly within.

This was my own pretty, pleasant little room, the shelter where I had so often betaken myself from Aunt Margery's rasping voice and incessant fault-finding—where I had dreamed day-dreams and revelled in nightly visions. This cherished and familiar little nook had chilled to me in one day's absence. It had given possession to a horde of shadows that, mocking and gesticulating, flitted to and fro in the uncertain light. Perhaps the breeze-blown branches of the elm outside played me this trick; but it confused me strangely, and rendered my search for the watch a long one, till it seemed as if some tricksome elf had filched it to distress me. At length, however, my hands touched and grasped the treasure; the heavy chain glided with snaky coolness through my fingers, and I thrilled from head to foot with a new and strange sensation. For at that very moment I heard the door shut with a snap. This noise in itself was not startling; no one was likely to hear it save myself; but it announced that I was trapped, a prisoner, snared in my own net; for the door closed with a spring, and I had left the key on the outside.

I put my two hands to my head and thought desperately for a moment. There was no possible egress now except through Aunt Margery's room, with which mine was connected by a narrow passage. How could I hope to pass through without waking her? For just one instant I felt like despair. How was I to help Dick now? It must be done, however. I gathered up my courage; I remembered the indignities I had borne, the needs of my friend, the absolute rightfulness of what I was doing, and, strong in resolution, glided across the hall—silently, slowly, lest the ghost of a foot-fall should rouse the vigilant sleeper within. There was something dreadful in this, after all. This strange advent among familiar things that look on the intruder with sinister eyes is not a desirable experience. True, I was on a mission of mercy; but this fact failed to support me as I stood poised on my aunt's door-sill. A weak-minded doubtfulness creeping in for a moment paralyzed my activity. This bauble had been in Aunt Margery's possession for years. Was it mine? was it hers? The "sacred rights of property" I had heard talked of so often: were my mother's sacred, or my aunt's? Ah! what would become of all the property in the world if rightfully divided? Would then Dick go out starving and houseless from Aunt Margery's surplus of luxury? Dangerous speculations, but brief. I swept them all aside like cobwebs. Never should I desert Dick in his time of need. Stepping on tiptoe in my unshod feet, I essayed to convoy my beating heart as far as possible from the high old-fashioned bedstead. It almost seemed Aunt Margery might hear it in her sleep. The low night lamp sent a thin thread of light across the floor; it rested on the heavy drapery festooned to the ceiling, which gave this couch an awful dignity in my old childish days. And there, just opposite it, I stood transfixed. There lay Aunt Margery, with eyes wide open, looking out at me. I returned the gaze steadily, frozenly. I know not how long we might have regarded each other thus, but the parrot, in its covered cage within, croaked uneasily. Aunt Margery turned sleepily on her pillow.

"You are late, Jenny," she said, querulously. "What kept you so, child? Hand me the camphor yonder; my head aches dreadfully."

I handed the camphor silently, and of habit proceeded to bathe her hands and forehead as usual, and then came the usual innumerable orders. A little warm water from the bath-room, a little mixture from the medicine chest. Her pillows needed adjusting, her lamp needed trimming, and thus was I chained to her side a prisoner, with that doubtful time-piece in my pocket, and my brain dizzy with schemes for escape. Oh, what would Dick think of me, recreant that I was in his time of trial?—poor Dick, watching vainly all this time at Kate Catterby's cabin, or wandering on the road, mayhap, all the long night-fall, meditating on the faithlessness of woman; then in the morning, discouraged and hopeless, he would drift away somewhere out of my reach. I hardly dared think of this contingency. To let go my hold on Dick was to give up my hold on life. Utterly exhausted with the long watching, I fell asleep at last, the heavy sleep of youth and weariness.

I was aroused from this dreamless slumber by a sudden loud crash, a rapping and tearing at the window.

Aunt Margery started up aghast. "Robbers!" she exclaimed, clutching my arm. But there never could have been so bungling a robber as this. I stood up and faced the intruder with wide-staring eyes.

"All right!" said a loud, cheery voice. "The confounded sash!" And there stood Dick.

"Why, bless my heart, auntie, I beg your pardon—I'll pommel old Cæsar in the morning for putting me in at the wrong window. But, Jenny, girl, I've been walking the road till I couldn't stand it any longer. Thought you'd been robbed, or waylaid, or something—"

Propped up on her elbow among the pillows, Aunt Margery looked out majestically and interrupted this tirade.

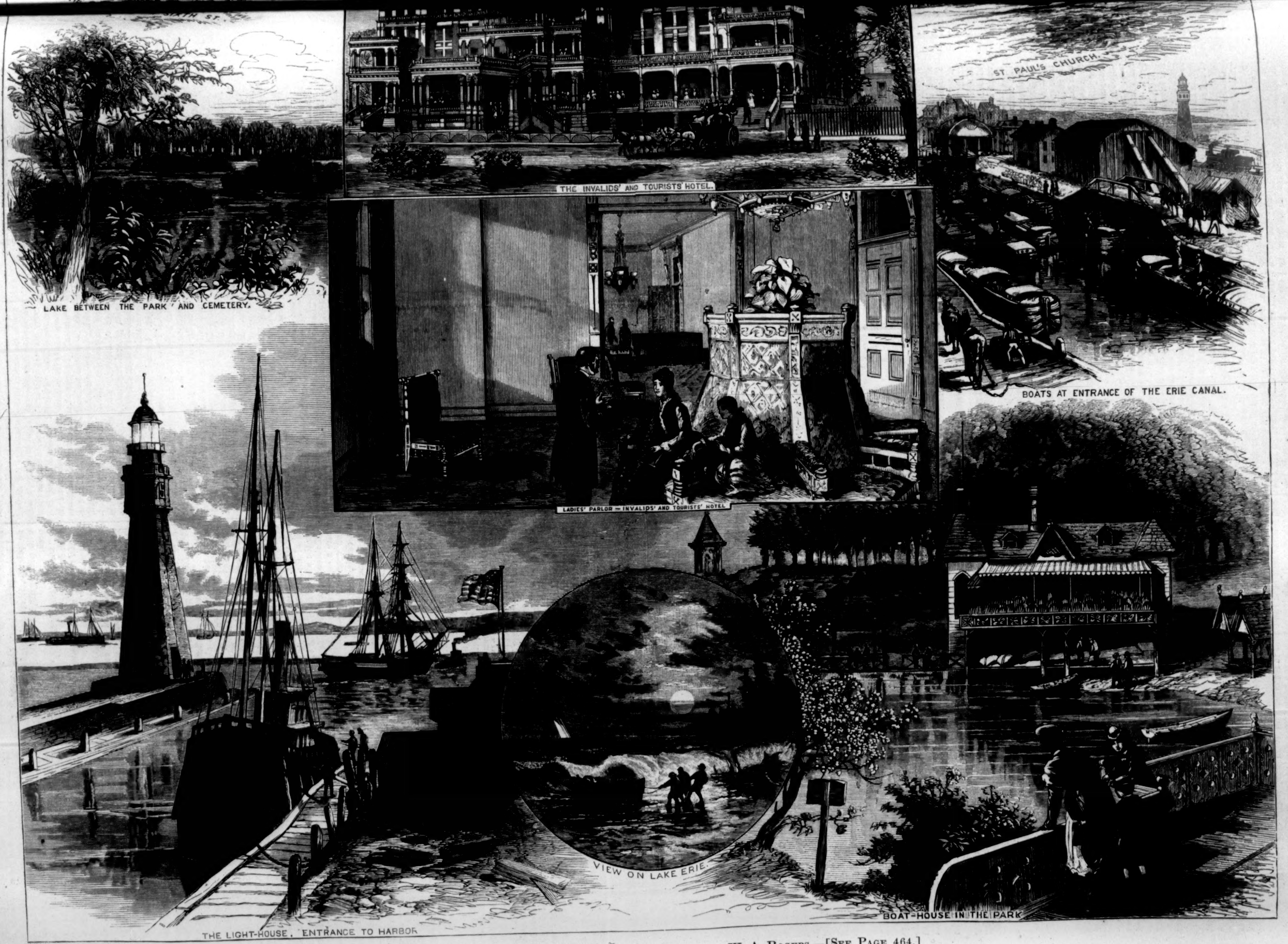
"Richard," said she, "are you a fool?"

"Couldn't exactly state to-night, auntie. Haven't time to analyze. I only came to look after Jenny. She's all right, it seems, so I'll bid you good-night."

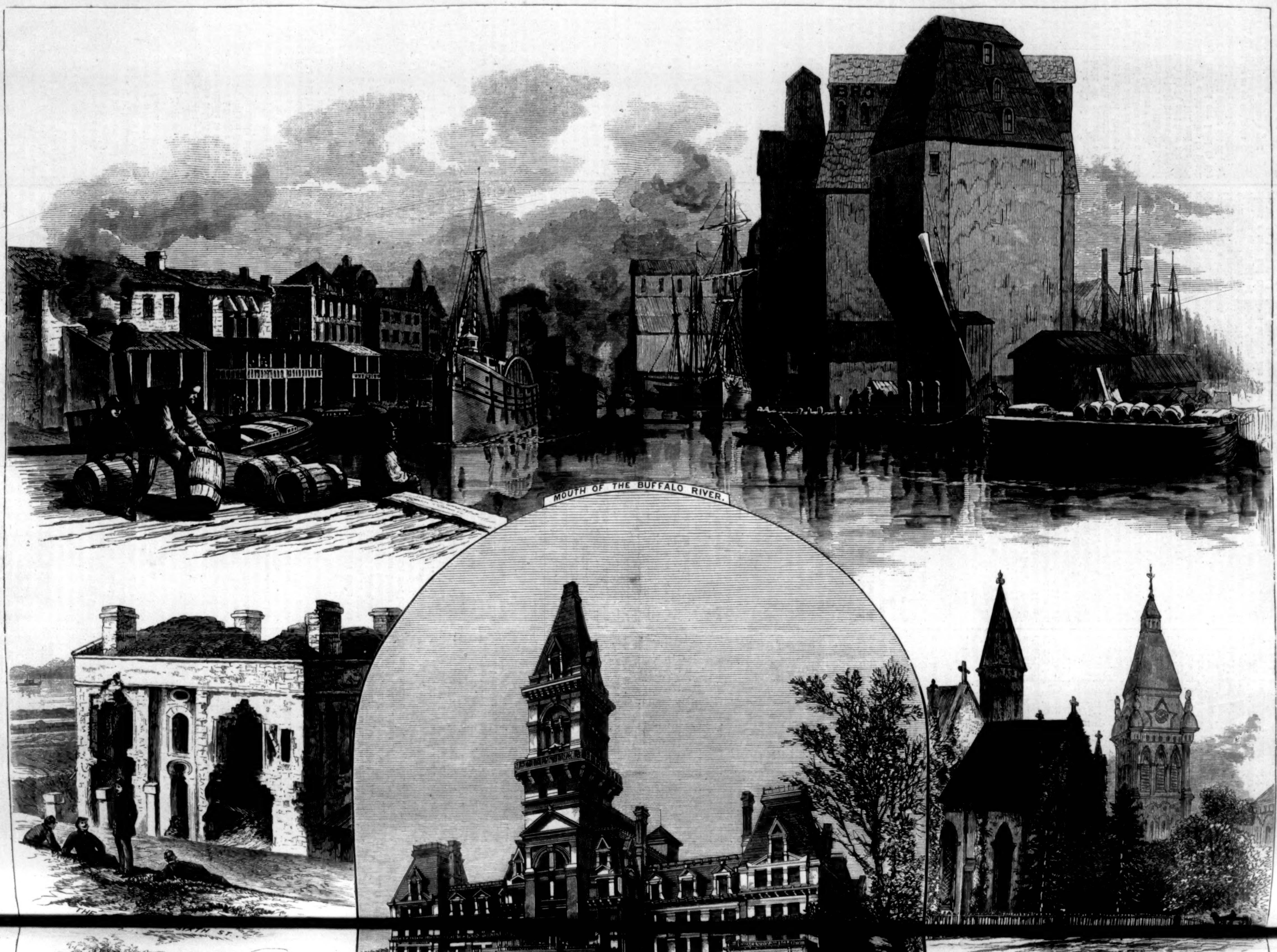
"Dick," said the invalid, shaking her long forefinger at him authoritatively, "you'll stay just where you are. I can't do without Jenny, I find—she can't do without you, it appears."

"Of course not," said Dick, deliberately taking a chair. "I always was an appendage of Jenny's, you know, and shall be for the rest of my natural life, I'm afraid."

"Just so!" screamed the parrot, one bright sunny morning, as I stepped down stairs in a floating veil, and with my mother's watch in my girdle, Aunt Margery's wedding gift. Dick was waiting for me below, with beaming face and arms outstretched. Beside him stood old Cæsar in his best clothes and Sunday shoes. "Plenty of room now, miss," said the old man, stepping admiringly aside from my sweeping bridal train.



BUFFALO AND ITS ENVIRONS.—FROM SKETCHES BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 464.]


MOUTH OF THE BUFFALO RIVER.